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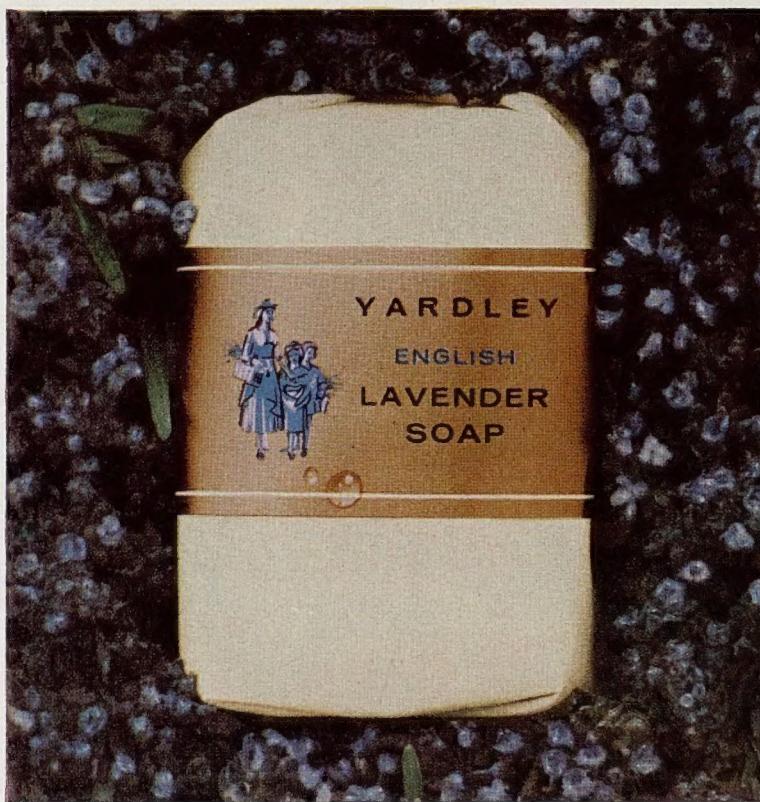


**SCOTLAND**

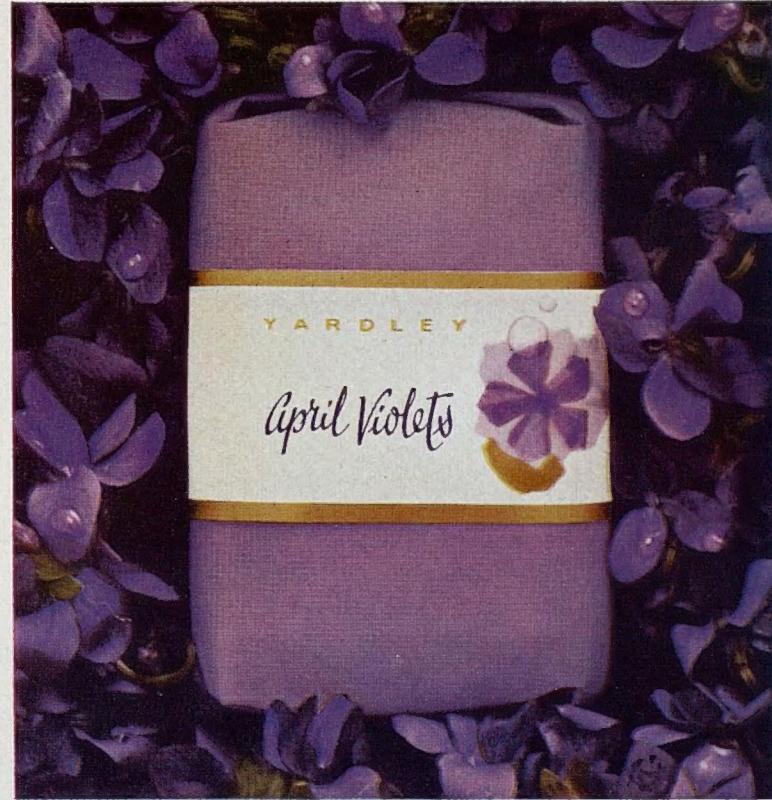
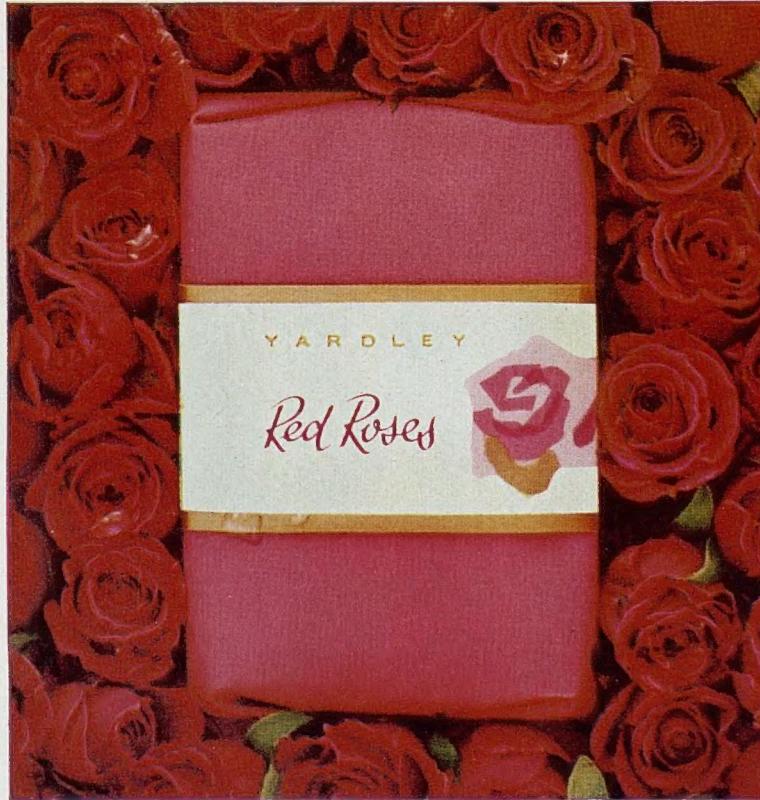
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EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

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On the cover, a group of sweaters in soft, misty delicate colours, hand-knitted in the Shetland Isles from traditional Shetland yarn. 4½ guineas each, with matching soft tweed skirts woven from the same yarn, 6½ guineas, all from the Scotch House. Unity Barnes selects more Scottish fashions, page 304 onwards, and Duncan Young reports on the arts in Scotland on page 290. The cover picture is by Bob Brooks, hairstyles by Susan at André Bernard

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# GOING PLACES IN SCOTLAND

## EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

**Festival Service**, St. Giles Cathedral, 3 p.m., 22 August.

*Opera First Nights*

**King's Theatre**. Festival Opera in association with the Holland Festival, *Don Giovanni*, 23 August; *Le Pescatrici* (Haydn), 24 August. English Opera Group, *Albert Herring*, 31 August. Bavarian State Opera, Productions from the Cuvilliés Theatre, 6 September; *Cosi Fan Tutte*, 8 September; *Intermezzo* (Richard Strauss), 9 September. All 7 p.m.

*Drama First Nights*

**Lyceum Theatre**. *The Amen Corner* (James Baldwin), 23 August, Haizlip & Stoiber Productions; *I Due Gemelli Veneziani* (Goldoni), Teatro Stabile di Genova, 30 July; *You Never Can Tell* (Ralph Richardson and all-star cast) H. M. Tennent Productions, 6 September. All 7 p.m., Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.15 p.m.

**Assembly Hall**. *Macbeth*, Traverse Festival Productions, 23 August, 7.15 p.m. Mats. Tue., Sat., 2.15 p.m.

**Gateway Theatre**. *The Man From Thermopylae* (Ada F. Kay), Edinburgh Gateway Company, 23 August, 7.30 p.m. Mats. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 p.m.

*Late Night Shows*

**Lyceum Theatre**. Marlene Dietrich, 23 August, 10.45 p.m. (Musical arrangements and direction by Burt Bacharach). Elizabeth Seal and Zack Matalon, 30 August, 10.45 p.m. *Orchestral Concerts*

**Usher Hall**. Scottish National Orchestra with Scottish Festival Chorus, 22 August; with Henryk Szeryng (violin), 24 August; with John Ogdon

(piano), 3 September; Hamburg Radio Symphony Orchestra, 26, 27, 28, 29 August; New Philharmonia Orchestra, 31 August, 4, 6, 7 September; Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, 30 August, 1, 2 September. All at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, 8 September, 8 p.m.; with Johnny Dankworth Band, 11 September, 10.45 p.m.; B.B.C. Concert Orchestra, 9 September, 8 p.m.; 11 September, 7.30 p.m. London Mozart Players, with Netherlands Chamber Choir, 5 September, 8 p.m.

**Leith Town Hall**. London Mozart Players, 6 September, 11 a.m.; New Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra, 28 August, 11 a.m.

**St. Cuthbert's Church**. Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, 31 August, 6 p.m.

*Chamber Concerts & Recitals*

**Usher Hall**. John Ogdon (piano), 23 August, 8 p.m.; Hans Hotter (bass), Ernest Lush (piano), 25 August, 8 p.m.; Henryk Szeryng (violin), Marinus Flipse (piano), 29 August, 2.30 p.m.; New Philharmonia Ensemble, 5 September, 2.30 p.m.; Claudio Arrau (piano), 10 September, 8 p.m.

**Leith Town Hall**. New Philharmonia Ensemble, 23 August, 11 a.m.; New Music Ensemble, 4 September, 11 a.m.; Parenin String Quartet, 30 August, 1 September, 11 a.m.; Ceilidh, 3 September, 8 p.m.; Hungarian String Quartet, 9, 11 September, 11 a.m.

**Freemasons' Hall**. Netherlands Chamber Choir, 25 August; Robert Tear (tenor), Joan Dickson ('cello), Margaret Kitchin (piano), 27 August; Yvonne Loriod (piano), 31 August; Pierre Boulez and Yvonne Loriod (2 pianos), Severino Gazzelloni (flute), 2 September; Hamburg String Trio with Heinz Holliger (oboe), 3 September. Indian Music, 7, 8, 10 September. All 11 a.m.

*Poetry Readings*

**Freemasons' Hall**. 24 August,

11 a.m. 25 August, 2.30 p.m. 26 August, 11 a.m. 27 August, 8 p.m.

*Art Exhibitions*

**Corot**, Royal Scottish Academy.

**Historic Art Treasures from Rumania**, Royal Scottish Museum.

*Military Tattoo*

Castle Esplanade, daily from 20 August-11 September, ex. Thursdays & Sundays.

*International Film Festival*

Cameo Cinema, 22 August-5 September.

*Fringe Activities*

Include productions by Durham University Theatre, Cambridge University Theatre Company, Edinburgh People's Theatre, Edinburgh Revue Group, Edinburgh University Dramatic Society, Glasgow University Dramatic Society. Also the Yeats Centenary Festival, organ recitals and discussion groups.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Pitlochry Drama Festival**, Perthshire. Plays, to 9 October. *The Magistrate* (Pinero), *Murder in the Cathedral* (Eliot), *The Amorous Prawn* (Kimmings), *The King of Nowhere* (Bridie), *The Double Inconstancy* (Marivaux), *The Revenger's Tragedy* (Tournier). All 8 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30 p.m. **Celebrity concert**: Joan Hammond (soprano), Ivor Newton (piano), 8.15 p.m., 12 September. **Contemporary Scottish Art Exhibition**. (Pitlochry 233.)

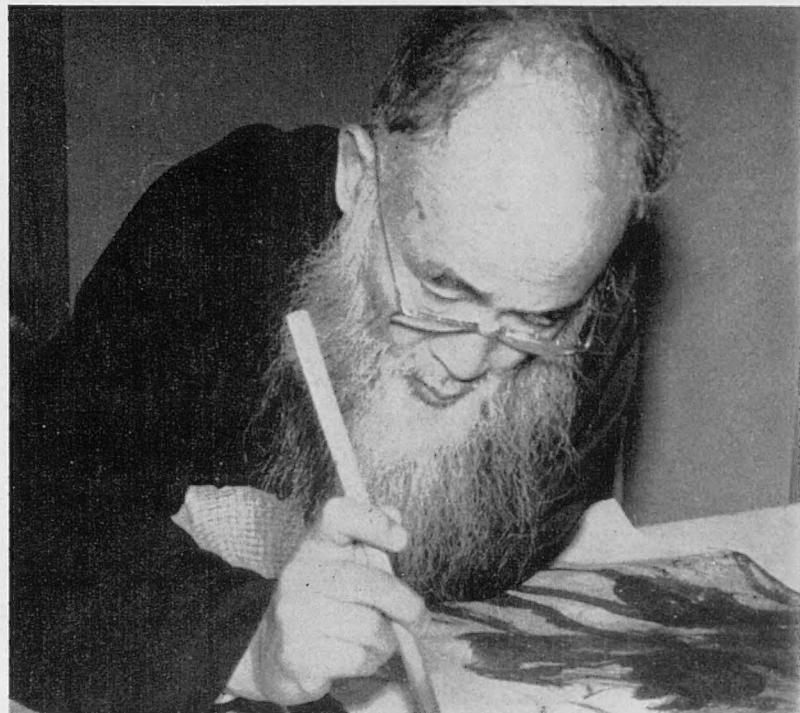
**Highland Gatherings: Crieff**, 21 August. **Cowal**, 28 August.

**Aboyne Games**, 8 September. (Ball, 10 September.)

**Braemar Royal Highland Gathering**, 9 September.

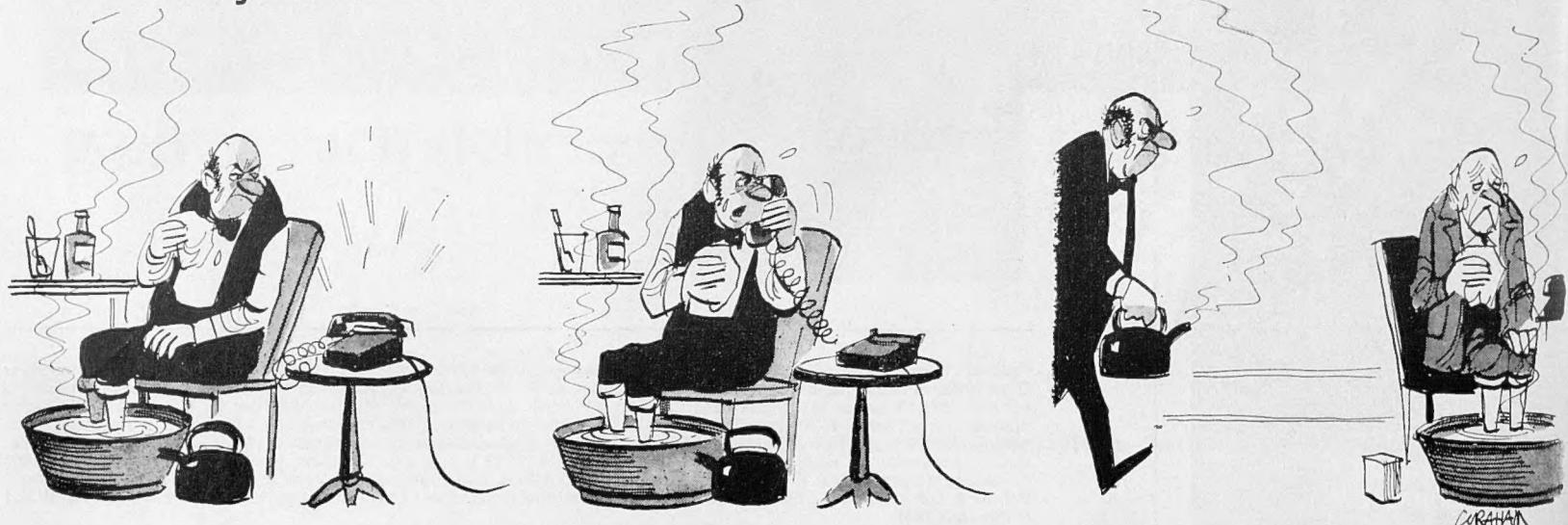
*Angling*

**European Sea-Angling Championships**, Ullapool, Ross-shire, 26 August.



The first London exhibition of paintings by the Chinese artist Chang Dai-Chien can be seen at the Grosvenor Gallery, Davies Street, W.1 until 4 September. Robert Wright writes on page 315

## BRIGGS by Graham





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Sylvie Nickels / A minor mystery of tourism

# GOING PLACES

By the homely grass runway of Sao Miguel's airport everyone seemed to be crying. "These families are seeing the emigrants off to America and Canada," I was told: "Some thousands leave the Azores every year." From Sao Miguel, they fly by the Doves and DC-3s of SATA, the sturdy local airline of the Azores, to the big international airport, 50 miles away on Santa Maria. And from then on they enter the jet age.

But they come back, I discovered after several encounters with older islanders whose American accents and American shirts belied the sturdy Azorean hearts that beat under them. The links across the Atlantic go back a long way. In fact, they could hardly go back further, for the crew of Columbus are said to have paused here for worship on their return from discovering that promised land.

The Azores are full of curious bits of history, old traditions that are very much alive and, above all, fantastic beauty. How this glorious archipelago has remained so astonishingly undiscovered is one of the minor mysteries of tourism.

The nine islands lie nearly 800 miles west of Lisbon, over 2,000 miles from New York, about 500 miles from Madeira and over 1,200 miles from Southampton. From whichever direction you look at it, you are faced by an impressive amount of sea, and yet this Atlantic half-way house can be comfortably reached by T.A.P. (Portuguese Airways) from London via Lisbon and Madeira in the space of half a day.

Santa Maria, where you arrive, has fine forests, rugged coastal scenery, a hotel (the island's social hub) at the airport, a beach hotel at Praia on the south coast, and facilities for excellent underwater sport and deep sea fishing. Deep sea fishing excursions are also arranged from Sao Miguel, which is seven times larger than Santa Maria, and the most varied and beautiful of them all. Its capital, Ponta Delgada, is the largest community of the Azores, and an attractive place. It is unmistakably Portuguese from its whitewashed houses to the mosaic pavements along the waterfront. Overlooking this waterfront, the gracious

Sao Pedro Hotel, converted from a former mansion, has recently opened.

The Azores, unlike Madeira, are not winter islands; the seas then are often rough, the weather wet and foggy. But from May onwards, the barometer is usually set fair for the rest of the summer and these facts combine to make of Sao Miguel a natural botanical garden that would be hard to match. From May, hydrangeas edge the lanes for mile upon misty blue mile. Azaleas, rhododendrons, camellias, lilies, broom, eucalyptus, giant ferns from New Zealand, Brazilian wood, Scandinavian pines, Japanese cedars make up only a fraction of the galaxy. Volcanic craters soar to over 2,000 feet, cradling such jewels as the twin lakes of Sete Cidades, but many peaks are much higher still. Hot springs bubble and boom and send pungent whiffs into clear mountain air; they account for the thermal water swimming pool in the beautiful park attached to the Terra Nostra Hotel at Furnas, and the streams that steam through this village of Alpine aspect. Steep valleys rib the coastline, and fields produce everything from corn and cabbages to tea and tobacco. From 4,000 greenhouses, nearly two million pineapples annually provide Sao Miguel's main export. And out at sea, whales are hauled in by frighteningly frail looking rowing boats, manned by six oarsmen and a harpooner wielding hand harpoons.

Life in the villages hundreds of miles out in the Atlantic is slow and somnolent and the jet age has made few inroads. Local festivals, mainly concerned with religious events, are numerous and colourful, and often more Portuguese than in the motherland herself, referred to by the Azoreans as Continental Portugal. The most famous celebrations—Santo Cristo on the 5th Sunday after Easter—draw Azoreans back from all over the world.

Village churches are full of baroque extravagance and sometimes harbour some unexpected treasures, such as a beautiful set of 16th-century Flemish tiles or, very astonishingly indeed, the vestments of John Grandisson, 14th-century



# ABROAD

guese took over for good in the 1640's. Flemish and French settlers were peacefully and gradually absorbed into the population, leaving their traces in a peppering of white sailed windmills, a few fair-haired, blue-eyed families and a village name, Bretanha, on Sao Miguel.

This is the main island of the central and largest cluster of the Azores, which also includes Graciosa, S. Jorge, Pico—a 7,500-ft. peak soaring out of the sea—and Faial. They are linked by small open boats. The last two 135 miles to the north-west, are tiny Corvo and Flores.

Communications to the smaller islands are limited and anyway there are no hotels at present. The best way to visit them is on a round trip by the comfortable inter-island shipping service operated by Empresa Insulana de Navegação, which also has fortnightly sailings to and from Lisbon via Madeira. **For further information:** Portuguese Tourist Office, 20 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

**How to get there:** By air, London-Santa Maria return: £83 3s. tourist excursion, £148 16s. first class. An excursion fare between Lisbon and Santa Maria substantially reduces the cost, but is payable only in Portugal.



Terra Nostra park in the valley of Furnas on S. Miguel



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**29th Oct., Bahamas, 20 Days, from £187.10.** 'Queen Elizabeth' from Southampton, calling New York, Bermuda, Nassau, New York.

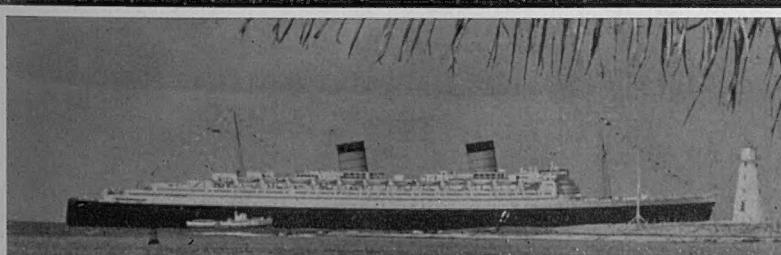
**10th Nov., Bahamas, 26 days, from £212.** 'Queen Mary' from Southampton, calling New York, Nassau, New York.

**9th Dec., Florida, 13 days, from £188.** 'Carmania' from Southampton, calling Bermuda, Nassau, Port Everglades (Miami), New York, return BOAC-CUNARD Jet-Flight.

**7th Jan., Caribbean, 21 days, from £220.** 'Caronia' from Southampton, calling Barbados, Kingston, Nassau, Port Everglades (Miami), New York. Return via BOAC-CUNARD SUPER V.C.10 or join World Cruise.

**29th Jan., WORLD-CRUISE, 96 days, £1034.** 'Caronia' from New York, calling at 20 ports in 5 continents.

**17th April, Caribbean, 12 days from £192.** Depart BOAC-CUNARD jet from London for Miami (2 nights), return 'Carmania' via Nassau, Bermuda.



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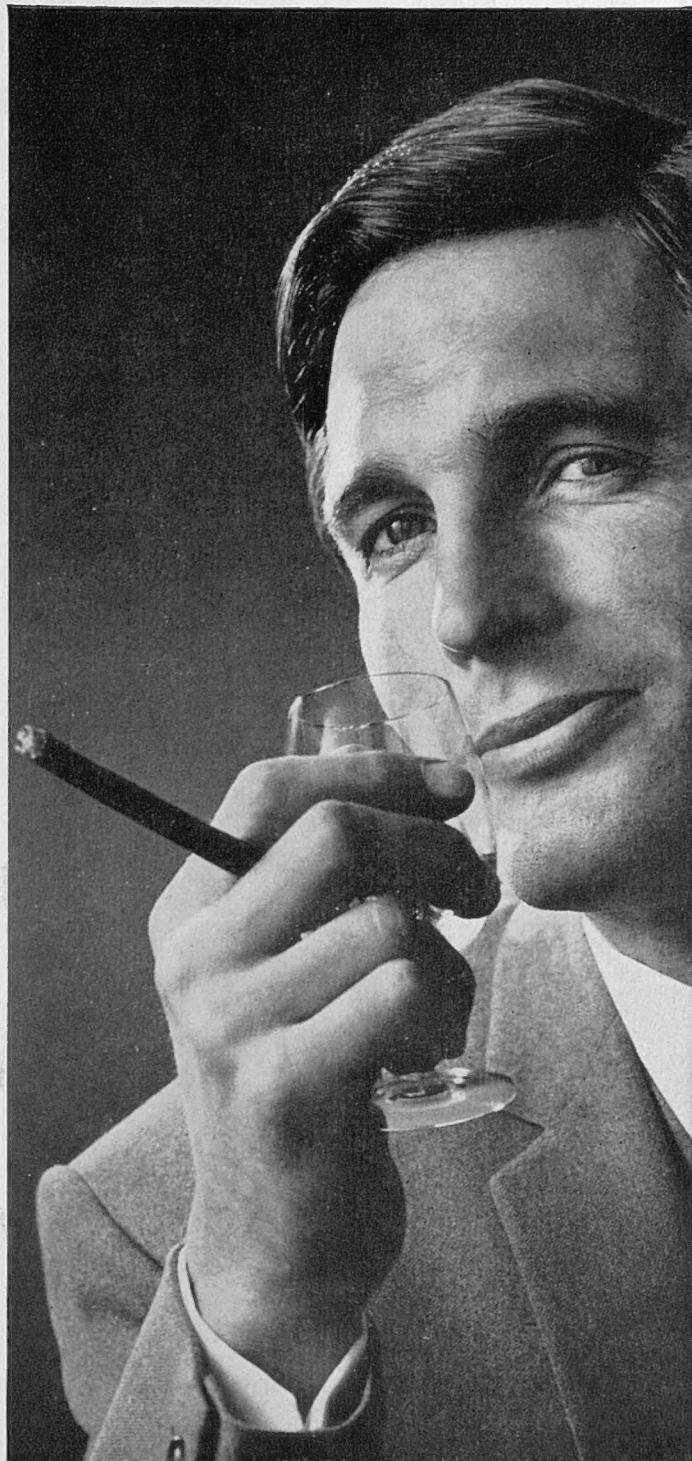
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# GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

**The Trafalgar Tavern**, Park Row, Greenwich. On the river, on the east side of the Royal Naval College. Open for luncheon and dinner every day including Sundays. (Greenwich 2437) I wish I had a whole column to describe this splendidly restored house that does such great credit to its owners, Messrs. Mann, Crossman & Paulin. Built as a hotel in 1837 on the site of the old George Tavern, it stood in high repute among politicians and others as the place in which to eat whitebait and drink champagne. Early in this century it fell on hard times, becoming among other things a lodging house and a boiled sweet factory. Its present owners acquired it in 1964.

A fine Regency house, it now contains several comfortable bars, a buttery for cold food, and two dining rooms, Duncan with a Continental menu, and Collingwood serving traditional English dishes, including whitebait. They must resist the temptation to over-cook them. Duncan is decorated in the French style of about 1750, while Collingwood is Georgian. Note well the wallpaper. We dined in this room, and ate a most enjoyable meal. There is an interesting wine list, and service was swift and attentive. Mr. Laurent Salerno, well known to customers at the Hungaria in Vecchi's day, and at the Knightsbridge Grill, is in charge. If you go there (and it is under half-an-hour's drive from the centre of London in the evening), do not fail to look at the Nelson room, an example of a beautifully proportioned Adam period drawing room. Its double doors are an adaptation of the Victory's entry port. Not surprisingly, prices in the restaurants are about the West End mark, with main courses in the 15s. to 21s. range, but it is good value for money. W.B.

### The King and the A.30

On his journeys from London to Southampton George III used to stop the night at the **Whyte Lyon** at Hartley Wintney, which dates from the reign of James I. Now Chef & Brewer have spent £100,000 to

mould it to the needs of the motoring age. There are five bars—the Gallery Bar is particularly attractive—and two grill rooms, the Countryman's and the Portcullis. Prices in both are most reasonable. In the Countryman an 8oz. grilled rump steak, with potato, tomatoes, watercress, roll and butter, cheese and biscuits or ice cream, costs 11s. 6d. The Portcullis is slightly dearer, but half a roast chicken with the same accompaniments is only 11s. Wine is obtainable by the glass at 3s. and an adequate selection by the bottle from 15s. 6d. In the bars there are seven sherries on draught, seven draught beers, and 12 bottled. The restaurants are open from noon to 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to midnight—last orders 11.30 p.m.—and 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Sundays. Telephone Hartley Wintney 2037 (STD: OAL 126). The landlord is Mr. William Stocker, aided by his wife Olive. The Whyte Lyon stands midway between Camberley and Basingstoke.

### Wine notes:

#### News from Norwich

Coleman & Co. Ltd., of Norwich are now importing a liqueur rum, which should be of interest to those who cannot drink brandy after dinner. Known as Bardinet's Très Vieux Rhum, it is blended from East and West Indian rums,

some of which are over 30 years old. Coleman's are also shipping, for the first time to Britain, Bardinet Brandy, which is popular in the U.S.A. They have also added to their range two new Burdon sherries—Three Centuries Cream at about 19s. 6d. and Pale Medium at 15s. 6d. a bottle.

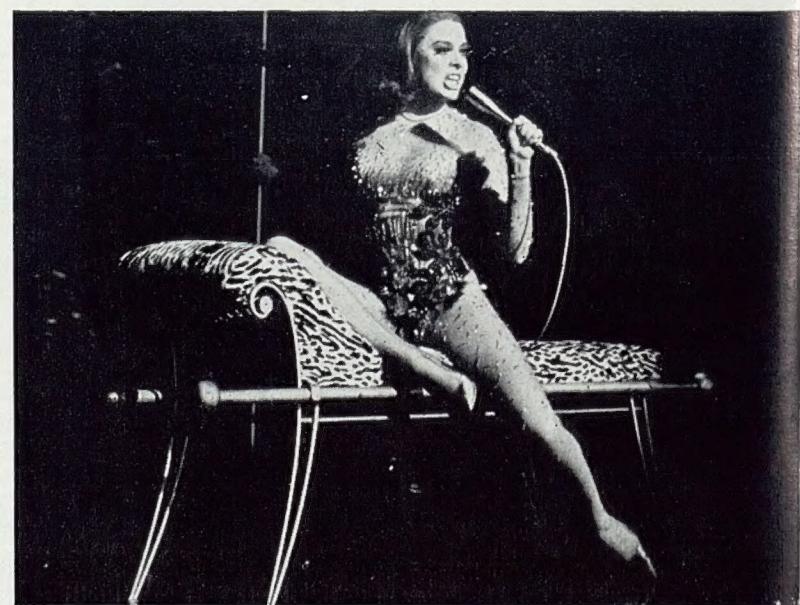
### Italian introductions

Italy is the world's second largest producer of wines and we drink considerable quantities of them in Britain. comparatively little is known, however, about her finer wines and the history of her vineyards. A recently published book goes a long way towards improving our knowledge, while providing interesting reading for the non-expert. It is *The Wines of Italy*, by Luigi Veronelli, published in English by Canesi Editore of Rome, but obtainable in Britain by order through a good bookshop.

### ... and a reminder

**Ajmer Indian Restaurant**  
96 Wilton Road, Victoria. Small, plain, and cheap, but serving curries of notable quality.

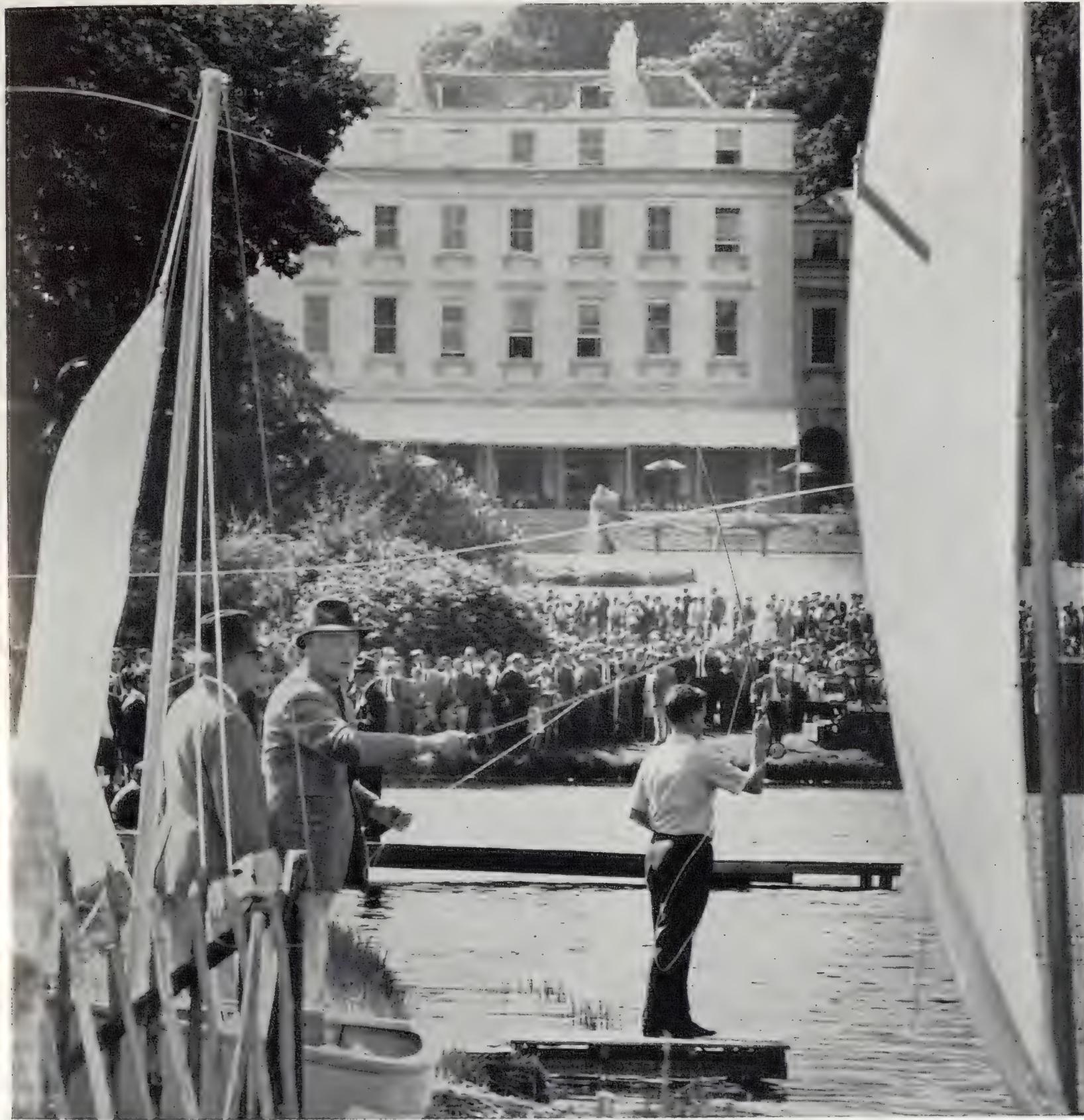
**The Spinning Wheel**,  
1 Perrins Court, Hampstead. (HAM 3131). The menu is international and includes a choice of some 25 sweets. Good value for money but wise to book.



Lynda Baron who sings and dances in Robert Nesbitt's revue *Fatal Fascination* at The Talk of the Town. She has been chosen as the woman star of B.B.C. television's autumn satirical programmes

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## THE GAME FAIR AT WHEATLEY

Trying a rod at the Game Fair is Captain James Dooner from South Wales, one of many sportsmen who came to Wheatley, Oxfordshire, for the two-day event organized by the Country Landowners Association. Behind the network of lines is Shotover House, owned by Major A. A. Miller, host to the Fair. His brother Colonel John Miller, the Crown Equerry, had as his guests on the Friday the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne, who watched all aspects of the show, including demonstrations of archery, falconry, fishing and other pursuits of country life. More photographs by Van Hallan overleaf. Muriel Bowen writes on page 285

## The Game Fair at Wheatley/continued

**Mr. Nicholas Soames, son of Mr. Christopher Soames, with Princess Anne and Colonel John Miller, the Crown Equerry**



**The Prince of Wales watches the clay pigeon shooting competition**



**Captain T. L. Lonsdale, a member of the Gun Dog Trials Committee**

**At the gun dog trials: Lady Forres, Lord Forres, one of the guns, and the Hon. Lady Hill-Wood who was judging the trials**



**Lord & Lady De Ramsey, who regularly attend the Game Fair**



**Colonel Peter Fleming, chairman of the Game Fair Committee**



**Mr. Peter Anderson from Dunbartonshire gives instruction to Mrs. Richard Oxley in casting on the banks of Fishermen's Row. Mrs. Oxley comes from Somerset**



**Creedy Park Digger, the winning retriever, owned by Mr. Frank George from Northamptonshire**

## A fair tide for the Britannia Cup

In a strong breeze and intermittent sunshine the Australian Caprice of Huon, owned by Mr. G. W. Ingate, won the Britannia Cup Race at Cowes. Noryema IV was second and Quiver IV third

Crew members of Quiver IV "sitting out" as they storm over the finishing line to take third place



The billowing spinnaker of Mr. G. W. Ingate's Caprice of Huon which won the Britannia Cup Race



Princess Anne helps to stow away the mainsail after racing with Prince Philip and the Prince of Wales on the yawl Bloodhound

# The Cowes Renaissance

by Muriel Bowen

With over 600 yachts and 100 dinghies taking part it was the biggest Cowes Week ever. Socially it was brilliant. For the first time, all tickets for the Royal Yacht Squadron Ball and the Royal London Yacht Club Ball were sold out before the cannon announcing the first race boomed over the Solent.

Affluence has made a great difference to Cowes. In a few years it has changed from a dingy little place with a forsaken look to a town of bright paint and extraordinarily good shops—though a fortune awaits whoever provides a first-class delicatessen. Little houses on the hill that sold for hundreds for years after the war now have baby-pink painted walls, white shutters and a couple of bathrooms, and are worth thousands. Osborne Court, the large block of flats on the front, has been bought by a new company whose spokesman told me that they were generally redecorating and making the flats “fit for yachtsmen to live in.”

The wind of change isn’t at anything like gale force—happily they still ask, “Is it China or India?” at teatime on the Squadron lawn—but it is blowing happily moderate to fresh. In no respect is it more welcome than in the introduction of a computer to speed up results to club notice boards.

PRINCE PHILIP was on board the royal yacht Britannia and by the end of the week Cowes was crackling with Edinburghisms, such as his signal, “Are we still at war with Spain?” This came at the end of a day during which there had been much discussion as to whether the Count of Barcelona could race, though his entry was late. Eventually the race committee decided against.

## THE SQUADRON DANCES

Behind the rugged grey walls of the Castle there was a gorgeous ball to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It was a romantic evening with dancers sitting out on the battlements which Henry VIII had built to repel the French should they try to sail up the Medina river. Occasionally a launch with winking lights splashed through the sea *en route* to one of the visiting warships; otherwise the only sounds on the Solent were the drifting notes of mambas and tangos wafted by the breeze through the open glass doors of the Castle.

Hundreds of people cheered Prince Philip and his party of about 12 as they disembarked, in full evening dress, at the Squadron steps. It was a beautiful sight, the marvellously elegant Squadron uniform worn by the men, and the women’s dresses billowing out over the tarmac. THE MARQUESS & MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN were in Prince Philip’s party, and so too were Miss GILLIAN MURRAY; Miss GWENNETH GRAHAM; VICE-ADMIRAL PATRICK MORGAN; REAR-ADMIRAL CHRISTOPHER BONHAM-CARTER; and LADY CAROLINE MELGUND, superbly chic in a shell pink Indian silk, off-one-shoulder dress with which she wore aquamarines set in gold.

Half-an-hour after the ball was expected to end it was still going at a rate of knots.

MARQUESS CAMDEN, the Vice-Commodore, & MARCHIONESS CAMDEN; Mr. MONTY LOWRY-CORRY, chairman of the Ball Committee; DR. REGINALD BENNETT, M.P. & Mrs. BENNETT; and LADY MANCROFT were still on the floor. LADY LODER sat on the arm of a chair explaining: “*Anything to get the weight off my feet!*”

## PLATFORM MANNER

With the Squadron Line being used for racing each day, the carrying out of an elaborate decor on The Platform and the general arrangements for entertaining a crowd of 500 reflected the greatest credit on the secretary of the Squadron, CAPT. MARK EVELEGH, R.N., and the ball and race committees.

The decor was in red and white, the Squadron’s colours. The ceiling of The Platform was covered with crisp white lawn, crossed with red velvet, with a golden crown embroidered in the centre. About 175 burgees in white silk, with a red velvet cross, formed a border round the ceiling. Flowers, walls and lights all had the same red and white motif.

The Platform was built to welcome Queen Victoria, but in the end she never visited the Squadron. “In planning the decor I tried to think of how it might have looked had she come,” interior decorator ADAM POLLOCK told me. “Decorations at dances are always planned with women in mind, but I knew that here the most important thing was that the men should be happy with the result.”

## THE BACKROOM VISCOUNT

In one of the few intervals between dances I talked to VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN OF DOXFORD, who in his quiet, unobtrusive way has done more than anybody else to run Cowes Week efficiently. “I’m still not satisfied with the programme,” he said. “When I am out in a boat I want to be able to identify other boats from their sail numbers quickly. With the programme as it is I have to run my finger down columns of numbers.” In response to his charmingly written foreword in the programme, both sailors and the public send him suggestions for bettering the arrangements. This Cowes Week he has also had a suggestion from Prince Philip.

Who else was at the ball? Mr. BARRIE HEATH, Commodore of the Royal London, and Mrs. HEATH; Mr. & Mrs. MALDWYN DRUMMOND—she strikingly beautiful in a dress of pale pink straw and a diamond star mounted on black velvet in her hair; EARL & COUNTESS ST. ALDWYN; VISCOUNT CAMROSE; PRINCESS JOAN ALY KHAN; Mr. & Mrs. ALAN PAUL; COL. & Mrs. ARTHUR ACTON; Mr. & Mrs. DERMOT DE TRAFFORD; and Messrs. JOHN and FRANK LIVINGSTON from Australia.

Among others at the dance, or seen on the Squadron lawns during Cowes Week: CAPT. MICHAEL & LADY NELL BOYLE—she wearing a Courrèges coat of white linen edged with navy blue; SIR DERRICK GUNSTON, BT., & LADY GUNSTON; LORD & LADY BRABAZON OF TARA; GROUP CAPT. THE HON. PETER VANNECK; Mr. & Mrs. HUGH GOODSON; and Mr. IRVING PRATT, the former Commodore of the New York Yacht Club whose boat Caper won the special trophy to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Squadron. Mr. Pratt, a charming and quiet American told me:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 287

The Prince of Wales gives a hand with furling the sails aboard Bloodhound



Prince Philip on Bloodhound

## A Royal ball at Cowes

Over 800 guests, including Prince Philip, attended the Royal London Yacht Club's annual ball at Northwood House, Cowes

**Sir James Kirby, leader of the Australian yachting team, Mrs. N. U. Lewis and Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, one of the organizers of the ball**



**Mr. & Mrs. Richard Haselden. He is former crew manager of the Sovereign**



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

**Miss Alice Pearce and Mr. N. Phillips, from Bermuda, at the Royal table**



**The Hon. Angus Ogilvy and the Infante Don Juan Carlos of Spain**

Continued from page 285

"Whether we won or lost we would still have enjoyed ourselves at Cowes. Here at the Squadron people could not be more kind." He was accompanied by Mrs. Pratt.

#### ABSENT BEAUTIES

Sadly there were no 12-metres sailing this year. Despite the presence of dozens of really beautiful boats, one missed the sleek Twelves with their uniformed crews. Last year's challenger for the America's Cup, Sovereign, has been sold—her selling price was being widely quoted as £22,000—and she has been sailing off Cannes. Kurrewa V, the boat that paced her at Newport, is in mothballs, but I shall not be surprised if her owners, the Messrs. Livingston already mentioned, don't take her out to America to race there next year.

Britain's next challenge for the Cup won't be before 1970. Despite rather humiliating defeats in the past and the astronomic cost of it all, there are people who can scarcely wait for 1970 to come round. Big strides are being made with sails—the right ones, say the knowledgeable, could result in Britain getting the winning gun in the next encounter.

Helmsmen? Those with the money and the inclination to build another Twelve tell me that ERIK MAXWELL, that doughty Scot who sailed Sceptre a season or two back, and SIMON TAIT, who was carrying all before him with his Dragon, Blue Haze, are as good as anybody the Americans can find.

#### PARTY IN JEOPARDY

"Don't sit on the cushions, they're soaking," said the boatman as I boarded a launch to go out to H.M.S. Aurora, the guardship, for a reception given by the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, ADMIRAL SIR WILFRID Woods. Then an unknown man swept off his coat, spread it over the offending red cushions and three women were able to sit in comfort. Raleigh of the evening, I later discovered, was CAPT. R. N. MAYO, R.N., one of that exclusive band, the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

Everything was soggy and wet in Cowes that particular day. Just before the party started it was announced that a Force 8 gale was imminent. LADY Woods and about 50 guests due from Portsmouth were unable to attend. A trip in tiny launches over a rough, tumbling Solent would not have been a good prelude to a cocktail party!

#### BALCONY ON THE SOLENT

One evening, just as the lights were coming on, I had a drink at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club with Mrs. MITCHELL, whose husband, the late "TINY" MITCHELL, founded the Club. Hers is the most lovely drawing room in Cowes, with its hospitality, its bowls of flowers, and its balcony that looks down steeply on the Solent. She had been going out each day in her boat to watch the racing, have a swim, and return in time for the evening's cocktail parties. Her great love is fishing and to the delight of her friends she brings back some good plaice and sole from her forays.

Next week I shall have more to say about Cowes when I write about the Fastnet sailors,

and the Royal London Yacht Club ball at Northwood House.

#### SHOTOVER'S ROYAL GUESTS

The Game Fair, like the Three Day Event at Badminton, has become an English sporting institution. The first Fair was held at Stetchforth in Cambridgeshire in 1958, and the organizers thought that, given good weather, they might get 1000 people. They were surprised, delighted—and totally unprepared—when 8,500 arrived.

By skilful siting of the Fairs in successive years, numbers have gone up spectacularly. Biggest draw so far was the 30,000 spectators at Burghley in 1963. Last year at Blair Drummond numbers dropped to 19,000—but then, it was the first time anything like this had been held in Scotland. This year MAJOR ALEXANDER MILLER was the host at Shotover House, set in a great tract of sporting country within 20 minutes of the city of Oxford, and I shall be surprised if, when everything is worked out, the attendance during the two days is not found to surpass the Burghley record.

PRINCESS ANNE, 15 this month, in open-necked shirt and wool sweater, was there with the PRINCE OF WALES who, in contrast to his sister's casualness, wore immaculately cut tweeds and a finely checked shirt. They were accompanied by several young friends, including NICHOLAS SOAMES, an accomplished young shot, the son of Mr. Christopher and the Hon. Mrs. Soames.

#### FALCONS STOLE THE SHOW

Shooting, fishing, archery, and gun dog tests were all arranged within short walking distance of the handsome William & Mary house, and more than a few of those I met said it was the best arranged Game Fair of the eight that have taken place.

The personal interest that was shown by Major Miller himself, and the way he got plans, worked out in London, into smooth operation on the spot, no doubt had a great deal to do with this enthusiastic verdict. What most attracted the crowds was without doubt the falconry, the beautifully plumed birds and their no less picturesque owners. It came as a surprise to me that long-winged hawks that swoop at 100 miles an hour can be flown at rooks and partridges on our own domesticated Wiltshire Downs.

There was no more interested spectator at Shotover than the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, probably the country's best woman shot. She will be the hostess at next year's Fair at Chatsworth. LT. COL. JOHN MILLER was there assisting his brother, and others I saw were MAJOR HUGO & LADY CAROLINE WATERHOUSE; Mr. & Mrs. R. E. FLEMING; Mr. & Mrs. ERNEST KLEINWORT; LT. COL. & Mrs. R. C. BARROW; Mr. & Mrs. DAVID BROWN; Mrs. DUNCAN MACKINNON; Mr. & Mrs. MILES GOSLING; and Mr. & Mrs. TIM WHITELEY.

Note: Owing to a late delivery of pictures from Cowes, there is an error on our index page. The Royal Yacht Squadron Ball will be in our next issue: 25 August. In its place this week is the Royal London Yacht Club Ball and "A Fair Tide for the Britannia Cup," on pages 284-5.

Mr. Duncan Heath, son of the Commodore of the R.L.Y.C., and former debutante Miss Mary Wainman



Model Miss Vicki Hodge and Mr. Ian Heath, son of Mr. Barrie Heath

## A wedding at Brompton

Miss Penelope Shearne, younger daughter of the late Mr. M. H. Shearne and of Mrs. Dorothy Shearne, of Astell Street, S.W.3, was married to Mr. Nicholas Mountain, son of Sir Brian & Lady Mountain, of Eaton Square, S.W.1. A reception at the Hyde Park Hotel followed the service at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and the bride was attended by nine children

**The bride and bridegroom arrive at the Hyde Park Hotel for the reception**



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

**Bridesmaid Nicola Douetil is lifted by her father, Mr. Dane Douetil, to see the cutting of the cake**



**Sir Brian Mountain, father of the bridegroom**

## Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Mr. Tom Fleming, director of Scotland's first civic theatre, the Royal Lyceum in Edinburgh, has announced the programme for the first season. There will be 10 plays, all new to Scotland, and each with a different country of origin. The first will be Carlo Goldoni's *The Servant o' Twa Maisters*, translated into Scots by Victor Carin and with music by Cedric Thorpe Davie. "It's not going to be madly representational. It's a sort of free translation," Mr. Fleming told me. "We wanted to do something that people would understand—but completely non-traditional. We're trying to discover a style of our own right from the beginning."

National interest, he felt, could be defined in two ways. Either they could do all-Scots plays on all-Scots themes with all-Scots players, or it could be that in Edinburgh there might evolve a special and, indeed, a national way of doing plays from all over the world. He wanted Scots audiences to feel that with these international plays they were in for a very entertaining evening rather than a culturally obscure experience.

### The most sophisticated audience

Mr. Fleming, whose enthusiasm for and faith in his new theatre glows through all his conversation, tells me that he has plans for special entertainments for children—possibly words and music in the first instance rather than plays. "We don't want to play down to children," he said. "Things for children must be very well done indeed. They're the most sophisticated audience in the world."

I wondered if this new job would remove Mr. Fleming from his more familiar role of actor, which would be a loss not merely to Scotland. "I'm hoping, theoretically, to act a couple of times during the season, and also to direct perhaps a couple of times," he told me. But commitments outside the Royal Lyceum Theatre Company will have to go. As he remarks happily, "I've got rather more than a full-time job here." The season begins on 1 October.

### Another first

Dame Jean Roberts, the first woman Lord Provost of Glasgow, from 1960 to 1963, has achieved another feminine first by becoming the first woman to guide the destinies of one of Britain's new towns. The Secretary of State for Scotland has appointed her Chairman of the Cumbernauld Development Corporation. "The Corporation is a smaller body than a town council—we have only eight members—it's an administrative body, more or less like a board of directors," Dame Jean explained to me. She herself was one of the original members when the Corporation was set up nine years ago and she has been deputy-chairman since 1963. "I am very thrilled to have this responsibility," she told me in that warm, friendly voice which was one of her great assets when she was Lord Provost of Glasgow. "It has been most exciting seeing Cumbernauld grow. When I first went

out there, there were green fields and farms and lanes and footpaths. Now there is a new town with about 15,000 people living in it. It has been very exciting, but there are still a lot of important things to be done."

### The family helped

Dame Jean spoke enthusiastically of the work of the retiring chairman, General Sir Gordon MacMillan of MacMillan. "He has done a great deal of the hard work," she said. "I have been more or less trained up by him." Dame Jean is still a member of the Glasgow Town Council. "I'm very much a back-bencher," she said. It would be very difficult for her, I would think, to break her service with the Council entirely, for she has been a member for 36 years. "I was fortunate in having a husband who was interested and who was willing to put up with some inconvenience from time to time," she told me. She was also fortunate, during her term of office as Lord Provost, in having her daughter as Lady Provost, a job which must have involved some sacrifice of valuable spare time: she has three young children and is a doctor in general practice in Glasgow.

### The Americanization of Anne

The newly appointed Consul-General for Scotland, Mr. Paul Du Vivier, arrived recently in Edinburgh after a drive of nearly 1,300 miles from Nice where he has been Consul for the past three years. With Mr. Du Vivier were his wife and 14-year-old daughter Anne, but for them Edinburgh was not the end of the journey, merely the jumping-off point for a trip back to America. Mr. Du Vivier explained to me that they had expected to return to a post in Washington this year and had, accordingly, entered their daughter at a school in Virginia. Instead of their expected posting, Mr. Elias McQuain, who has been Consul-General in Scotland for less than two years, was transferred to Washington and the Du Viviers at short notice found themselves heading for Scotland. They could not, at this stage, undo all the school arrangements so they decided to let their daughter go back to America as arranged. "It will be good for her Americanization after seven years in France," Mr. Du Vivier remarked. Their 19-year-old son, Paul, is reading history at Trinity College, Hertford, Connecticut, and they expect him to join them in Scotland for Christmas. "Anne is interested mainly in horses—she isn't reading anything!" said her father.

### Hospitality

Mr. Du Vivier seems very happy to be in Scotland. He tells me that he is being well looked after by the Scots during his wife's absence. His only previous acquaintance with Scotland was "a weekend in Ayr between planes about ten years ago." Mrs. Du Vivier, as well as settling Anne in at school, will be visiting relations in Maryland and also spending some time at their summer cottage on Long Island. She expects to be back in Edinburgh by the end of August.

**Mrs. Dorothy Shearne,  
mother of the bride**



**Mr. Timothy Thornton, who was best man,  
and Lady Mountain,  
mother of the bridegroom**

## the Arts in Scotland

Words: Duncan Young

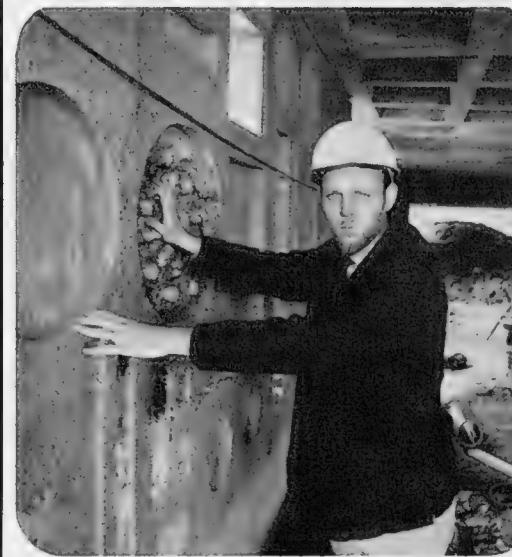
Photographs:

Roger Masson Brevert

# A SLIGHTLY HEAVIER CONCENTRATION IN THE WEST

When surveying the arts in Scotland—not just poetry, music and painting, but the whole range from fashion to ceramics—it may be surprising to discover that the heaviest concentration of young, experimental, forward-looking people is in Glasgow: dull, grey, industrial Glasgow. Edinburgh, the Athens of the North, with its annual coronet of international festival, might have seemed a more logical cradle.

But Edinburgh has always been oddly apart: observers note that during the great depression Edinburgh, having no heavy industry, simply did not know what was going on. Today the same feeling prevails, with the added complication of internal conflict over the festival, a conflict that only erupts into the headlines of the national press occasionally, but which is always there. The chosen body who run the festival and the other people who organize the day-to-day running of the arts apart from the festival are the contestants. But in Glasgow there are no factions, simply many young men and women working steadily, and frequently in isolation—a poet not knowing a playwright living in the same city. The proximity of the University of Strathclyde has its effect, attracting a new strain of artists, and the Corporation is giving unprecedented amounts of money to the arts. It is doubtful whether there is any other non-capital city in the British Isles where artistic endeavour flourishes so strongly. In Glasgow there is a plaque commemorating Thomas De Quincey, the Englishman who came to stay. This was unusual; today it is not; the traffic, not only from England but from the world, into Glasgow is heavy; it stimulates the native talent and finds a receptive atmosphere for its own.



LEFT: BRIAN MILLER holds one of the most enviable positions of all for a graphic designer. Officially he is the Exhibition Designer for Cumbernauld new town, but he is responsible for the design of everything to do with graphics from road designs to residence guides. He also has his own sculpture in the town, pieces to ornament car parks, interiors of blocks of flats, or placed at strategic viewing angles throughout the community. Victor Pasmore, he feels, had such an opportunity at Peterlee: "But I live here as well," he observes. "Pasmore was more a consultant. I was lucky to get Cumbernauld at the right time; there are 16,000 people now, by 1980 there will be 70,000. I saw a film of the proposed site, asked and got the job." He now feels he has a complete life with status, satisfaction and money—not necessarily in that order, but he is well aware of the extraordinary luck that has enabled him to put forward his own ideas of art in living.



ABOVE: ALEXANDER GIBSON (left) is artistic director and principal conductor of the Scottish Opera, an imaginative idea that first appeared in Glasgow in 1962. By ensuring productions of the highest standard, with singers of international repute, a demand for opera in Scotland has been established. The public, the Arts Council, the Gulbenkian Foundation have all helped to finance the operation, and this year Peter Ebert (right) has been brought in as director of productions. The company perform in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen—the only places in Scotland with theatres large enough to accommodate their productions. Future aims are straightforward: to continue the presentation in Scotland—for the Scots—of opera of the highest standard. The demand is established

RIGHT: ROY WILKIE has his finger on Glasgow's artistic pulse. He teaches Administration technique at Strathclyde, but is a great believer in education (his conversation covers ground ranging from politics to Thelonious Monk, taking in Lawrence, Henry Miller, and various philosophical ideas on the way) and recently organized a series of 10 lectures on jazz. So popular was this move that the series was not finished until 45 had been given, many by experts in their field. Now he has started a 20 lecture course on popular culture, again over-subscribed. About Glasgow he says: "Artistically, it is bursting to get going." He is doing everything in his power to see that everyone can make maximum use of their leisure time with worthwhile help.



**RIGHT: DAVID DONALDSON** is probably the most expensive portrait painter in Scotland. He teaches at the Glasgow School of Art as well as painting his private clients, who have to be fairly brave to come to his studio as he is also by his own admission: "The wild man of portraiture." He works unusually fast and his work acquires a very strong effect

**BELOW: RICKY DEMARCO** describes himself as Romano-Scottish and feels that the artistic drive in Edinburgh comes from without the city: "If the Scots can't do it, we can," he says, referring to the Traverse arts centre (see page 294), run by himself and American Jim Haynes. Demarco is responsible for the art gallery which has been an outstanding success. It is a fully international gallery: during this year's festival the winner of the Venice Biennale, Patrick Heron, will be exhibiting. Demarco helped Richard Buckle on his Shakespeare Exhibition and has exhibited at the Woodstock Gallery. He estimates his own output at about 150 paintings and drawings a year, 80 per cent of which he sells



**LEFT: MARIA DONALDSON** is the wife of portrait-painter David and lives in Kelvinside. She designs beautifully tailored clothes for a mainly professional clientele. Her clothes are distinctly Scottish with muted colours and an emphasis on fully-fashioned knitwear which is handled like cloth. She would like to manufacture but has already sold to shops and finds the profit margin too small. The environment in Glasgow is not good for fashion, she feels, perhaps because there is no fashion department at the university, as there is in London



LEFT: ROBERT BURNS is studying ceramics and pottery at the Glasgow School of Art. He is also a photographer, painter and textile designer. For him the situation as he sees it, is gloomy: "All the markets are tied up," he says, "the photography is too provincial, pottery is a closed shop." He will have to come to London where there is more scope, but remains convinced that something must happen eventually to stop this type of student emigration. "Perhaps when the marvellous materials they have in Glasgow are used by someone who will take the risk on the design side, this might happen"



LEFT: DUNCAN WETHERSTONE IS THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH. Chief civic figure in the city, he is also Chairman of the Edinburgh International Festival Council. His defence of the Festival is strong: "There are those who say that it loses money for the city, but you invest money in the Festival, you don't lose. There are those who say that the Festival is too rigid in plan, but you can't have the fringe without the Festival. 50 per cent of the tickets go to the local people, not as some would have it, a minute percentage. The Festival is a focal point from which other festivals spring, for example Bolton and Stirling would never have had their festivals without Edinburgh and this again makes it worth the bother"



ABOVE: TOM WRIGHT is often found sitting and writing in a café in between sessions at Strathclyde University where he is reading English and Sociology. To enter the university he passed exams in English, French, history and biology: he is 42 years old and to date has written 14 plays, television pieces, radio stories and poetry. He left school at fourteen and a half. To make a living so that he can write, he is teaching art in Lanarkshire and also makes stained glass windows. His play *There Was a Man*, a one-man show based on the life of the poet Robert Burns, is being produced for the Edinburgh Festival

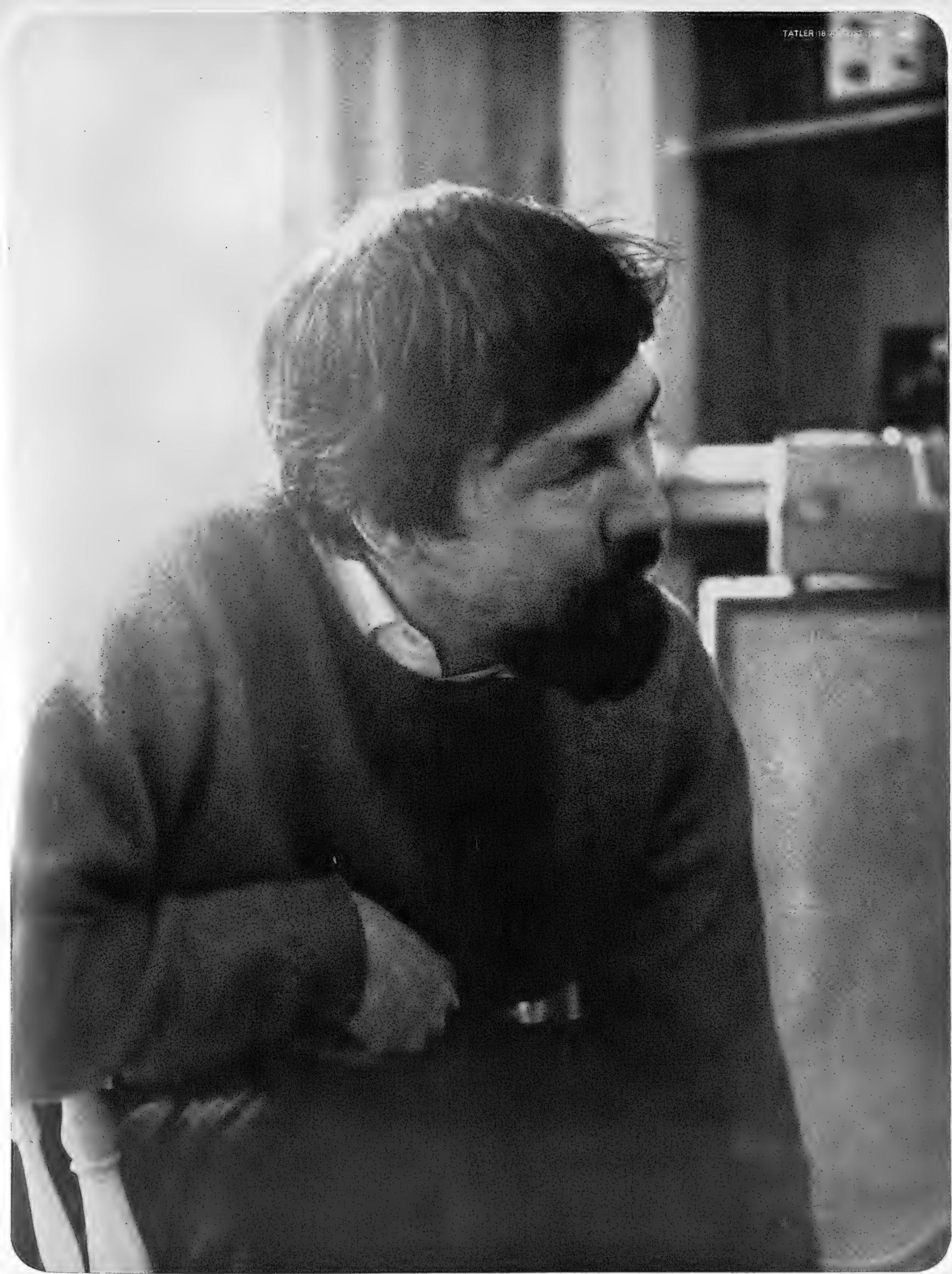


ABOVE: CLEMENCE BETTANY (dark hair) opened her School of Fashion, Face & Figure in Hope Street, Glasgow, this year. An Australian dancer, she tasted a number of careers in Paris and London before settling down in Scotland. She danced with the Roland Petit Ballet, then continued her dancing and acting career in England, meanwhile becoming a top photographic model. Eventually she concentrated on acting and joined the Glasgow Citizen's Theatre for a season during which she was in hospital with appendicitis. During the period of convalescence she had time to think and, encouraged by Glasgow businessmen, artists and with official support from Cyclax, opened her salon. She passes on her knowledge of movement (ballet), make-up (acting) and clothes sense (modelling) to ordinary Glaswegians. She hopes to expand into a model agency as well but at the moment feels she can give expert advice in such a way that any woman in Glasgow can benefit

LEFT: PROFESSOR FIELDEN holds the chair of architecture at Strathclyde University, and is a practising architect designing, among other projects, the new School of Architecture at the university; a dark brick, copper and concrete building with few windows, a direct contrast to the familiar all-glass look of much contemporary work. He is also a prominent member of the New Glasgow Society which is proposing to try and preserve the good architecture in the city, to restore the river front and keep the Park district as a distinctive Victorian monument. Direct action in the right places is the aim and at the moment their target is to get between 10,000 and 20,000 Glaswegians actively interested in their city and the Society



RIGHT: JIM HAYNES, from New Orleans, arrived in Edinburgh in 1956 as an American serviceman, and at the end of his service stayed on. He had been studying at the university and in 1960 opened a paperback-book shop. Then he started the Traverse Theatre, a restaurant and an art gallery (run by Ricky Demarco, see page 292). *Happy End*, the Weil-Brecht opera, was produced there by an associate company (Traverse Festival Productions) for last year's festival. Later this was brought to the Royal Court Theatre in London. This year the same company is mounting *Macbeth*. Jim Haynes would be happy for more of the Traverse work to be officially in the festival, but on the fringe he has *The Ballachulish Beat* by C. P. Taylor, *There Was a Man* by Tom Wright and, dependent on copyright negotiations, a version of *The Beggar's Opera*. The theatre itself operates normally during the festival



Two homes in fact, for the Farquharsons of Invercauld spend the summer months at Invercauld Castle (below) and the winter at Braemar (see page 300) hard by the site of the annual Highland Games. Graham Attwood took these pictures in colour and black and white of the people and places he found in this historic and spectacular landscape along Deeside bordering the Royal Balmoral estate



# A HOME ON DEESIDE



*Left:* Tom Adams runs the dairy farm, Eastfields of Monaultrie, some 20 miles from the home farm of Invercauld. The River Dee divides the estate from that of Balmoral and because of its position in the central Highlands much of Invercauld's massive acreage is mountainous and farming must be confined to the meadows along the river. *Below left:* James Crichton is a craftsman wood carver. He and his wife Isobel came to Braemar at the invitation of Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld (see overleaf). Money earned during the season on the Invercauld estate from his shop leaves Crichton free to pursue his craft in the winter period. He has never travelled outside Scotland but his wife once went as far as Blackpool. *Top right:* Mr. George Collie is in charge of forestry, by far the estate's biggest concern. The main tree grown is Scots pine. Any land not devoted to afforestation or the dairy and beef needs of the estate is divided among tenant farmers.

*Above right:* Derek Petrie is factor at Invercauld and as such second only in importance to the laird, Captain Alwyne Farquharson (see overleaf). Petrie is responsible to the laird for the smooth running of the estate and his duties cover the overseeing of its great variety of activities

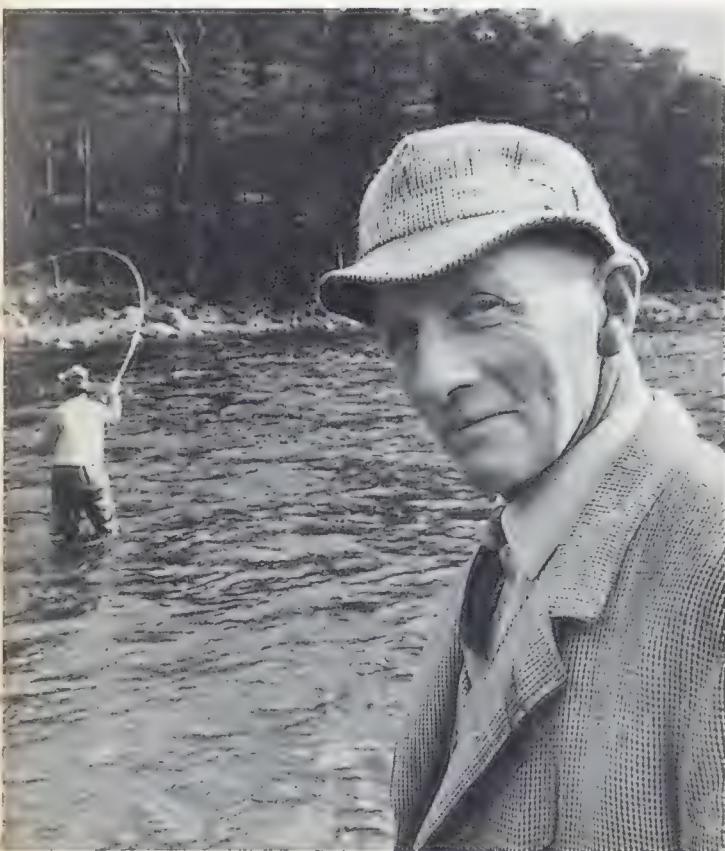


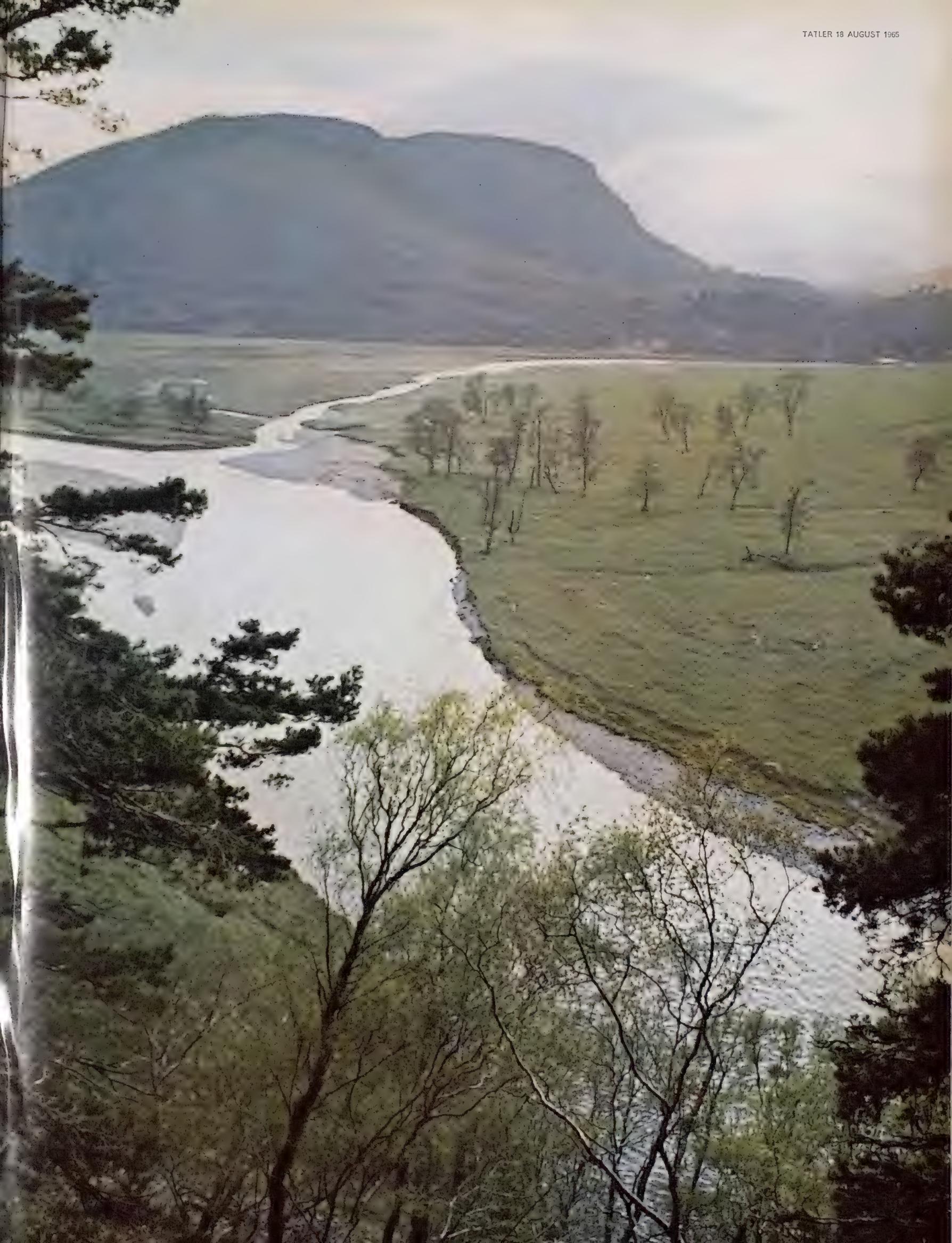


*Left:* Captain Alwyne Farquharson, the Laird of Invercauld, in the library of the summer residence, Invercauld Castle (see page 296). Captain Farquharson takes a very active part in the running of his estate. He is head of the Clan Farquharson and is one-fifth Scots by blood but claims to be "more Scots than most of the people hereabouts."

*Below left:* Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson is American born and a former fashion editor and editor of a national magazine. Her contribution to Invercauld includes the foundation of the Festival Theatre transformed from a one-time kirk and fitted with an open stage. She is also responsible for the Invercauld Galleries, opposite Stevenson's cottage Braemar in which he wrote *Treasure Island* in 1881. Mrs. Farquharson commissioned the mural behind her for the theatre from the Scots artist James Spiers. It depicts a scene from the Battle of Pinkie Field and the horseman being run through by a lance was a standard-bearing Farquharson of that day.

*Below far left:* Chief gamekeeper Donald McDonald is a man with a large responsibility. People come from all over the world to fish salmon from the Dee: the man in the water is from California. The vast acreage of moorland around Invercauld makes for good shooting and there is deerstalking in October-November. *Opposite page:* the Linn of Dee divides the Invercauld and Balmoral estates. The Quoich Water joins the main river on the right; in the background is the misty blue of Beinn Bhreac









*Left:* George (Dod) Hanton Jnr., runs the Home Farm, which is mainly devoted to the Aberdeen herd. *Below left:* Miss Anne Sunter is in charge of the Invercauld Galleries where Mrs. Farquharson personally organizes a unique selling exhibition of high quality Scottish handcrafts, gathered both locally and from many other parts of the country. Hand-cut crystal, perfume and hand-woven tweeds are featured in the Galleries. *Top right:* Hamish Robson is a horn-carver, one of a number of craftsmen brought to Braemar by Mrs. Farquharson. Profit from a tourist shop enables him to carry on with experimental work in the winter. *Right:*

Donald Campbell is the chief shepherd for the Farquharsons. His flocks of black-faced sheep are scattered over a mountain area; eagles and wild cats are additional hazards in this terrain. *Opposite page:* Braemar Castle is the winter home of the Farquharsons. The castle was built in 1628 by John Erskine, Earl of Mar, and became forfeit after a descendant Earl of Mar raised the standard of Jacobite revolt in 1715. The new castle built by the purchasers in 1720 was acquired in 1731 by Farquharson of Invercauld, who gave the government the use of it after the Stewart defeat at Culloden





# A DROP OF SCOTCH

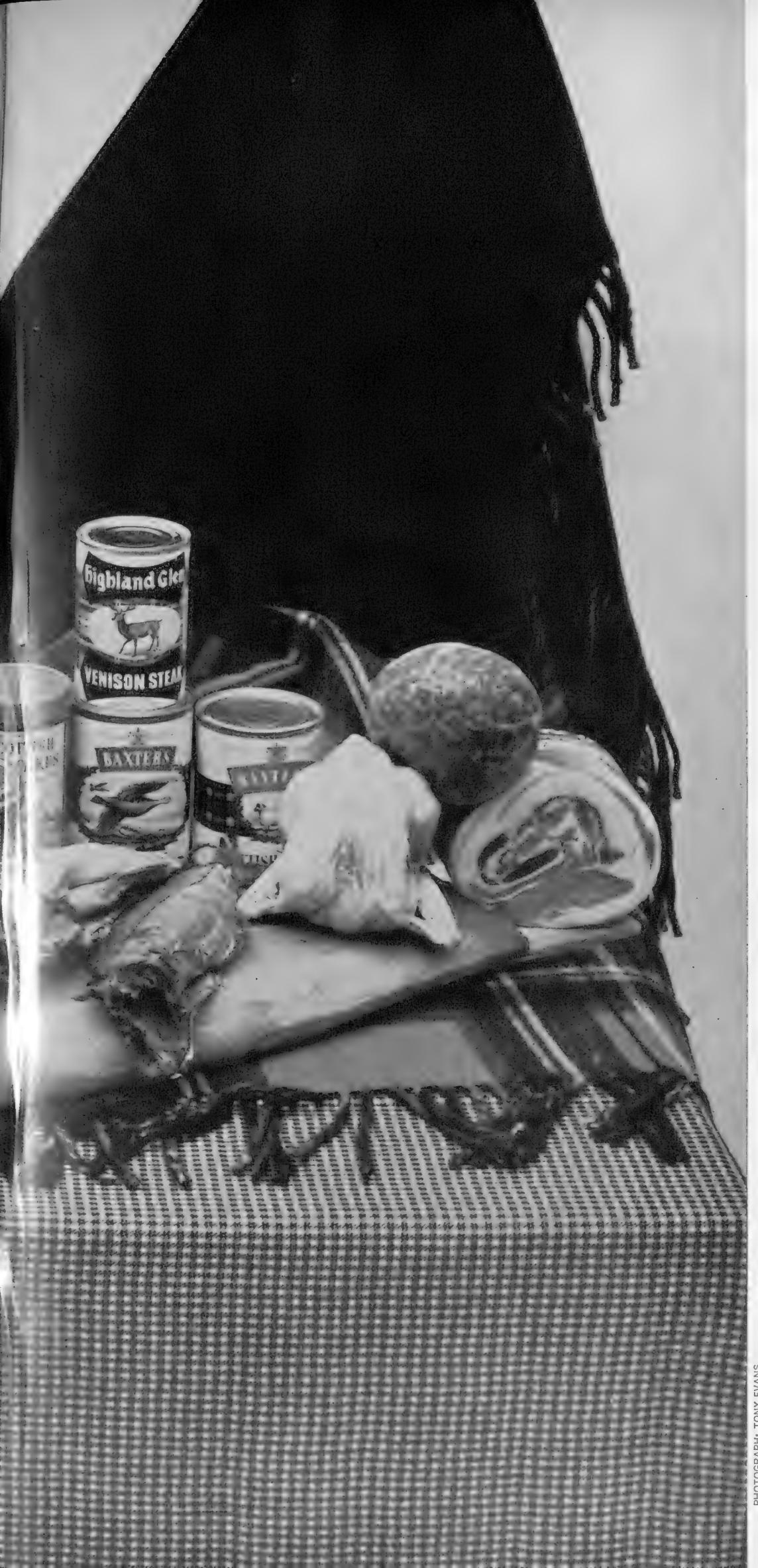
Counterspy by Angela Ince

Actually, it's more of a torrent; very few visitors to this country leave without some personal item of Scottish export. Spend half-an-hour in The Scotch House at Knightsbridge, and you will see Italian women buying shepherd's plaid for suits, French women considering black & white tartans, Japanese gentlemen buying 300 travelling rugs for presents, and Canadians earnestly working out what tartan they're entitled to wear. It's practically Standing Orders to take home a cashmere, and only a small percentage of Scottish food and drink is actually consumed in Scotland. Alongside are some Made in Scotland items to eat, to wear or just to admire.

A chunk of Islay cheese, 12s. 6d. tin of petticoat tail shortbread, 6s. jar of Dundee marmalade, 2s. 6d. tinned grouse, 17s. 6d. tinned haggis, 4s. 9d. roll of Ayrshire bacon, 6s. 4d. a lb. Arbroath Smokies, 4s. 6d. a lb. heavy smoked Caithness Glass tumbler, £1 16s. thick Turkish bath towel from Arran, £1 5s. 9d. Scottish linen tablecloth, £2 5s. All from Harrods.

Large tin of Wood's shortbread wine biscuits, 6s. Loch Lomond shortbread, 8s. 9d. bottle of Drambuie, £3 2s. bottle of John Haig's whisky, £2 8s. 6d. Glenmorangie malt whisky, £2 12s. 6d. Edinburgh crystal decanter, £10 jar of grouse in aspic, 19s. 6d. Henderson's Scottish oatcakes, 2s. 4d. tin of venison steak in wine sauce, 6s. 6d. guinea fowl, approx. 18s. 6d. a side of smoked salmon, £13 10s. for 6 lbs. All from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly.

Pale grey two-ply cashmere jumper with a crew neck, £9 10s. Tam o' shanter, £1 5s. black and white checked hat £4 14s. 6d. pack of Bernat Klein tweed and toning wool (only wool shown), £8 15s. 6d. tartan travelling rug backed in plain blue, £6 15s. black and white tartan, 35s. a yard; black and white shepherd's check, 55s. a yard. All from The Scotch House, Knightsbridge, who also have earrings and brooches of Cairngorms and amethysts. As for the haggis, both Fortnum & Mason and Harrods have regular deliveries in from Scotland.



PHOTOGRAPH: TONY EVANS

**FASHION**  
BY  
**UNITY BARNES**  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
BY  
**BOB BROOKS**

The Scots are nothing if not proud, and there is nothing they are more proud of than their traditional tweeds and handknitted sweaters—except, perhaps, their ultra-modern mills and their revolutionary wool-plus fabrics, their imports of designing skill and their exports of miles and miles of covetable cloth and gross upon gross of enviable sweaters for the prestige markets of the world. So we invited three proud Scots to join in a fashion fling in praise of all those tweeds, tartans and twinsets that, laid end-to-end, would surely by now carpet the globe

Two-way jacket and skirt in a sturdy Terylene and wool mixture from Roberts of Selkirk, checked in camel, brown and leaf green, the jacket reversing completely to all-camel colour. By Dereta, 21½ gns. at Harrods; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Guy & Smith, Grimsby at the end of August. Sandy velour hat by Otto Lucas at Harrods. Scarlet Shetland sweater, extra long and tie-belted with a thickly cabled polo collar, by Lyle & Scott, 4 gns. at The Scotch House.

Drum Major R. Sturgeon of the R.A.M.C. Pipe Band sets the scene with ceremonial solemnity

## HIGHLAND FLING



Reefer jacket in toast coloured double-faced tweed, the inner side checked with tan; a skirt in the same tweed, check side out, with a leather belt slotted at the waist. By Country Life, 36 gns. at Lilly-whites; Jolly, Bath; Mitchell, Cox & Williams, Malvern. Beige lambswool polo sweater by Munrospun, £3 18s. 6d. at Huppert. Pipe Major R. Hill of the R.A.M.C. Pipe Band looks on, while Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., formerly of the Scots Guards, supplies an authentic skirl of the pipes



Soft, thick tweed in muted pink, brown and cream from Roberts of Selkirk (carrying the international Woolmark) shaped into an easy-fitting suit with a tie-necked blouse in creamy wool crepe. By Eric Hill, 27 gns. at Cresta Shops, London and Brighton; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford. Felt beret by Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody



Dinner dress fit for chilly Scottish mansions in Bernat Klein's chenille-threaded wool elusively coloured in lime green, apricot and coffee brown. The whole dress is bias-cut, dips to a V at the back, is banded and tied at the waist with green silk. By Colin Edward, 38½ gns. at Fenwick; Jewsbury & Wilson, Wilmslow; Coplands, Glasgow





Classic suit with every line and curve of its blazer jacket up to date (note the rounded, stitched edges, flaring slit cuffs) in slate grey Scottish tweed checked with brown. By Jaeger, 19½ gns. at Jaeger, Regent Street, and Sloane Street; Guildford, from September 1st; also from Jaeger at Henry à la Pensée in Paris. Peat brown short-sleeved cashmere sweater, £4 9s. 6d. at all main branches of Jaeger



Peat-brown and orange colour, a seven-eighths coat and skirt in Andrew Stewart's luxuriously thick, light and warm wool and mohair fabric; with them, a long overblouse in brown crepe banded with orange across the midriff. By Matita, coat and skirt, 45 gns.; with overblouse, 54 gns. at Harrods. Brown plushy velour cap strapped with black leather, by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason



The ultimate in Scottish luxury:  
four-ply cashmere, deeply ribbed, in  
a camel coloured raglan cardigan.

By Ballantyne, £10 19s. 6d. at  
Harrods. Gor-Ray's bias-cut skirt,

in Scottish tweed, is checked in blue,  
black and stone, 4 gns. at John  
Barker; Owen Owen, Coventry.

More cashmere in heather pink,  
knitted into a long sports shirt

fastened with gilt studs. Designed  
by Bonnie Cashin for Ballantyne,

11 gns. at Simpson. Another bias-cut  
skirt by Gor-Ray in pink and grey

checked Scottish tweed, £4 15s. at  
John Barker; Owen Owen,

Coventry; Thomsons, Edinburgh.

Both skirts carry the Woolmark—  
the international seal of approval on  
guaranteed pure new wool fabrics



Petunia pink cashmere sweater,  
given formality by its lack of sleeves,  
big braid buttons running almost  
to the hem, narrow tie-belt; slim  
skirt to match. By Lyle & Scott,  
sweater, 7½ gns., skirt 8 gns.,  
at Selfridges; Rowans, Gleneagles

# on plays

Pat Wallace / Light and shade

Down at the admirably designed National Theatre in Chichester, set around with lawns and trees, they have added a double bill to their repertory; two relatively short plays that provide as much contrast as any playgoer could demand or expect. They are Strindberg's **Miss Julie**, and **Black Comedy**, a new work by Peter Shaffer. The first is a sombre near-classic: the second one of the funniest farces I can remember seeing. In both of them Miss Maggie Smith and Mr. Albert Finney take leading parts.

Miss Julie is the daughter of a Swedish count and the action is concerned with midsummer night in 1888 when she takes her father's valet as her lover, only to kill herself in the morning after the hours of love and argument. Being a creation of August Strindberg's there is, of course, more argument than love as the two young people exhaustively discuss their emotional, economic and philosophic situations, plan at one moment to run away together, quarrel bitterly and end in despair. It is, however, brilliantly conceived by the playwright — an oppressive theme, filled with Nordic gloom in spite of occasional eruptions by a vast band of other servants, bent on celebrating midsummer night in a more cheerful, traditional way. The scene is the kitchen in the count's house, magnificently designed by Mr. Richard Negri and containing such refinements as taps that provide real water and sinks that really drain it away. The cook, herself by no means a merrymaker, is a cool, detached and generally sardonic observer of some of the couple's alternating joy and distress, and this performance by Miss Jeanne Watts is both crisp and intelligent.

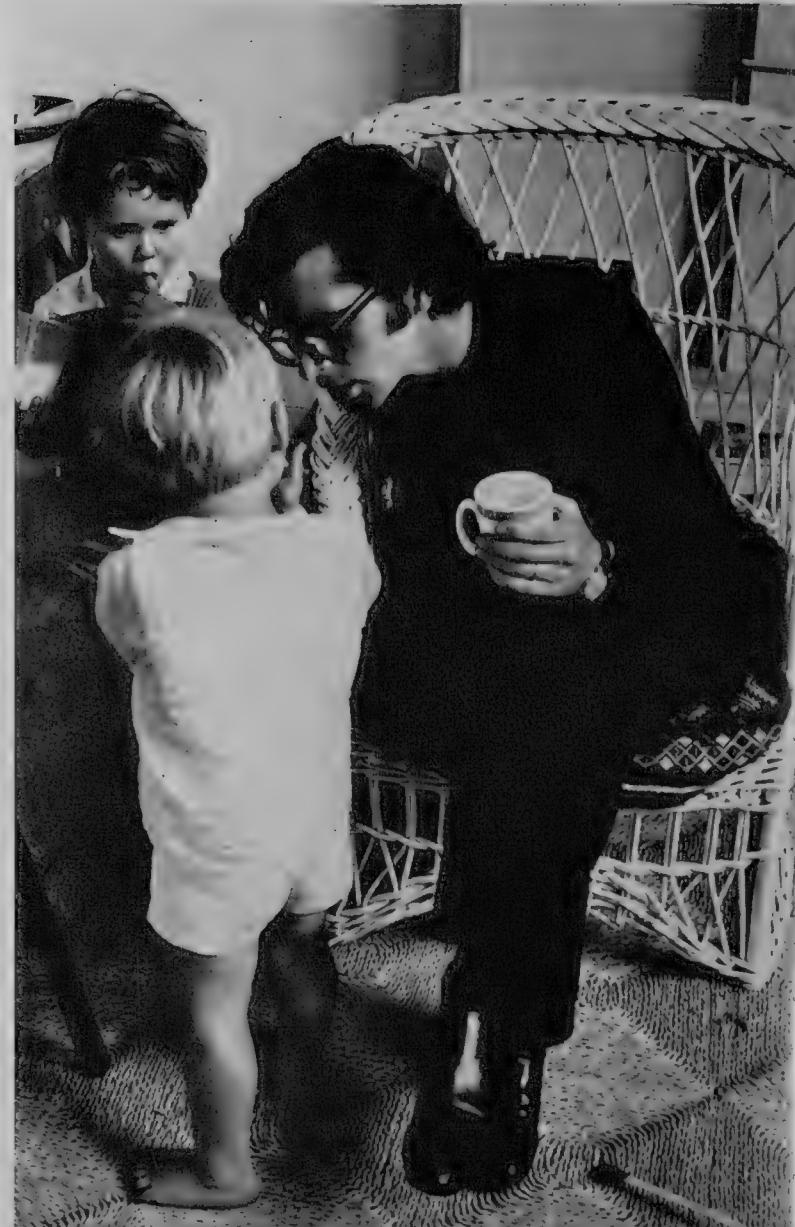
As for Miss Smith and Mr. Finney, called on in each instance to alter and extend the range of their playing, they give more than a good account of themselves and Miss Smith in particular shows a new quality of stillness and of suggested anguish that will surprise some of her admirers. When the valet says at one moment: "You hate me," and she answers: "Immeasurably," there is no echo there of the sprightliness with which she first made her mark on the stage not so many years ago.

But it is on the whole a comfortless play for all the exquisite technique of its construction, and the management were inspired to team it with the explosion of fun and nonsense that follows.

*Black Comedy* is a title that here takes on a new and less intellectual meaning. The play is based on such a wonderfully simple farcical idea that it is a marvel nobody has used it before. In the first minutes the set is brightly lit, then there are a few brisk bars of music and a complete black-out during which we hear a couple enter, the girl exclaiming about how nice everything looks. A click and the lights go on again to cries of: "Damn! The fuse has gone!" and from that moment the play proceeds in normal lighting which to the couple and to all the characters who subsequently appear is total darkness. It is a situation of endless comic possibilities and Mr. Shaffer and his producer, Mr. John Dexter, seem to take them all.

Briefly, the plot deals with a young artist and his deb fiancée who are expecting a visit from an art-collecting millionaire whom they hope to impress. To this end the painter has borrowed some precious pieces of furniture and bric-à-brac from his neighbour who unexpectedly returns and calls on him without, naturally, being able to see the transformation. The deb's father presently gropes his way in and a spinster lady from next door, as well as the artist's ex-mistress and a central European electrician. All of them blunder and feel their way about the stage, the spinster making for the gin bottle and announcing that the lime juice tastes wonderfully refreshing, Maggie Smith, clad apparently only in a man's shirt, making some spectacular ascents and descents of a loft ladder, and the girl quacking away in a superbly debbish voice and crawling about practically on all fours, while the artist feverishly attempts to remove the furniture, piece by piece, to its rightful habitat, miraculously avoiding collision.

Miss Smith is gloriously funny and so is Mr. Finney as the epicene collector of fine pieces. Miss Doris Hare as the slightly squiffy old lady is memorably good, and indeed everyone plays up like mad. It is the gayest of romps.



John Arden's new play *Armstrong's Last Goodnight*, dealing with the violence and treachery of 16th-century Border politics, opened a Chichester Festival last month, and is rated his best yet. The playwright is here with his sons, Finn (facing camera) and Adam

# on films

Elspeth Grant / Forever ambush

It's not all that easy to burlesque a burlesque, and the James Bond films so blandly guy themselves, you'd scarcely believe anyone else would dare try to take the mickey—but if *Licensed To Kill* (U), directed by Lindsay Shonteff, is not an airily naughty send-up of the Ian Fleming series (and good old 007 and all his ways and exploits), I must have got the wrong message.

Tom Adams (new to me) plays Charles Vine, the latest number one British secret agent—a lean, dark, young man who has class, a supercilious smile, an easy manner, a "with it" wardrobe (Carnaby Street rather than Savile Row, I'd say) and an eye as keen as Bond's for a comely female. Mr. Adams is not at first sight

endearing but he does grow on one as the preposterous story progresses—to such an extent that I look forward to another Vine comedy-thriller as eagerly as I await the next Bond bit.

The awesome ideas writers (in this case Mr. Shonteff and Howard Griffiths) can think up to complicate life scare me. This time we're presented with a Swedish scientist (Karel Stepanek) who claims to have discovered how to neutralize gravity: nothing and nobody need henceforth be earthbound. What sends me right up in the air is that the British Government proposes to spend two million pounds of the taxpayers' money on acquiring Mr. Stepanek's formula, without having the faintest idea whether or not it works.

Naturally, the Russians are after the secret too, and if they can't buy it (they're as dottily spendthrift as we are) intend to kill the scientist before he can sell it to anyone else—so M.I.5 calls in Charles Vine to protect Mr. Stepanek from their agents and hired assassins (especially a killer called Sadistikov who so revels in the sight of blood that he works spare time in a slaughterhouse).

As Vine escorts the beaming scientist around London and through the pleasant countryside, it's a case of forever ambush: some of these attacks are the genuine article, others are arranged by the British Foreign Office to keep Vine on his toes—which, as Vine wipes out all his opponents, is a shocking waste of British manpower. The Russians have a couple of aces up their sleeves—a Siamese karate expert, fetchingly disguised as a Chinese belle, who's to bump Vine off, and a Ukrainian major, Vine's double (Mr. Adams, of course), who's to take his place and kidnap Mr. Stepanek—but they play them to no purpose. Vine is invincible and indestructible.

In the tangle of double and treble crossing that follows (Peter Bull and Francis de Wolff somehow get into the act), I rather lost my way—and Mr. Shonteff rather lost his in the final, inevitable, overlong chase sequence, but before then he has provided so many good, deadpan, tongue in cheek gags, verbal and visual, that I'm pretty sure you'll enjoy the film.

The dual role is fashionable at the moment. Robert Vaughn has one in **The Spy With My Face** (U), a passable thriller directed without much sense of humour by John Newland. Mr. Vaughn appears as Napoleon Solo, the man from UNCLE (whom you've doubtless seen on TV), and his nameless double (created by plastic surgery) who works for THRUSH—a power-mad gang of murderous villains. Mr. Vaughn, though looking at all times exactly like himself, manages with admirable subtlety to suggest the basic differences in character between the two.

Those dratted scientists have been at it again: they've devised a weapon so powerful that world authorities have ruled that it must never be

used, except in the event of an attack upon Earth from outer space. (Interplanetary warfare—there's a pretty thought for you.) You can see how glad THRUSH would be to get their horrid paws on the formula buried in a vault, way, way down under the Swiss Alps.

The combination of the safe guarding the hideous secret is annually changed under benevolent UNCLE's auspices and as Solo heads the solemn mission entrusted with this task, he has to be snatched—with the assistance of alluring Senta Berger—and THRUSH's counterfeit Solo substituted. The real Solo's male colleagues are too easily bluffed into accepting the fake—but after the usual fights, pursuits, and torture by steam heat the impostor is exposed by an airline hostess (Sharon Farrell) who knows as much about Napoleon's lovemaking as Josephine must have done.

David McCallum, as UNCLE's intelligent and collaborative Russian nephew, gives the most interesting performance in the film.

It's hard to understand why Luis Buñuel thought it worthwhile to remake **The Diary of**

**a Chambermaid** (X)—a version of which, directed by Jean Renoir and starring Paulette Goddard and Francis Lederer, appeared as long ago as 1946. One can only assume that Mr. Buñuel saw in this unappealing story of a provincial (Norman) French household an ideal chance to express again his contempt for the Church, the army and humanity in general.

Jeanne Moreau, enigmatic and sulky, is the chambermaid from Paris who is subjected to the nagging of Mme. Monteil (Françoise Lugagne), the clumsy, lustful approaches of M. Monteil (Michel Piccoli)—sex starved because of his wife's frigidity—and the kinky attentions of his father in law (Jean Ozenne), an old boy with a high buttoned boots fetish.

When a nine-year-old girl is found raped and murdered in the nearby woods, Miss Moreau suspects the family's handyman (Georges Geret) has done this beastliness—so she goes to bed with him in the hope of making him confess (or because his cold violence attracts her?). Mr. Buñuel is a brilliant director—I'm only sorry he seems never to have met anybody normal.



Freidrich Dürrenmatt's sensational Expressionist play *The Visit*, seen in London five years ago, has been made into a film by 20th Century-Fox, opening tomorrow at the Carlton. Above: Bernhard Wicki directs Irena Demich and Hans-Christian Blech in a scene. Left: Ingrid Bergman as the rich woman who returns to her native town to exact revenge. Below: Her victim, Anthony Quinn, has his shop wrecked



# on books

Oliver Warner / Views of Oxford

I have sometimes wondered whether the perfect reader for a book about Oxford is not a Cambridge man, who can bring to it the necessary detachment and, I should hope, a lack of prejudice. Certainly William Gaunt's **Oxford** (Batsford 25s.) has found an appreciative client in your reviewer. It is by no means a straight guide book, though no major "sight" is omitted. It is more of a detailed impression of a city which, alas, too often needs to be disentangled from the layers of visitors and non-university citizens milling around what is best seen in private, or in very knowledgeable company, such as Mr. Gaunt's. Matthew Arnold wrote some magic lines in *The Scholar Gypsy* about the place he so loved, and so did Gerard Manley Hopkins with his "Towery city and branchy between towers . . ." When it comes to prose, the purple passage seems almost to well up on its own, though Gaunt is, as a rule, just, sober and persuasive. Eric de Maré has gone to justified trouble over the photographs, and the long shelf about Oxford has a worthwhile addition.

If Oxford is a place for one kind of young, there are plenty of others; Stoneborough for instance, which provides the background in Audrey Laski's **A Very Kind Undertaking** (Heinemann 21s.). The title of this novel is ironic. Valerie Sutcliffe, an older woman, though not so old as to be beyond having children of her own, befriends a tough little schoolgirl, Marty, met first by chance when thumbing a lift. Very soon, Valerie is involved in a life where values are so different from her own that she even becomes the victim of a rough house organized by Marty's motorcycling friends. It begins to look as though it does not do to try to help the young, and in a sense this is the right moral. What is as bright as a button in this story is the way in which the author conveys just how a certain type of young people think. It is a book to urge on anyone, square or otherwise, alive enough to want to try to penetrate perilous jungle country.

Far less success has attended James Brough's **Princess Vic** (Arthur Barker 21s.) which pretends to be a biographer's account of a romantic episode in the royal family, but which is in fact rather an impertinent

attempt at writing a novel round a theme that simply does not offer the right chances to bring it off. While it is easy enough to recognize resemblances on almost every page to august personages all too familiar as subjects for press curiosity, the whole book strikes me as offbeat, totally unconvincing (even as a craftsman's rather than an artist's job), and a warning not to try to do this sort of thing in current fiction.

**Space and Colour in Japanese Flower Arrangement** by Kasumi Teshigawara (Newnes 35s.) makes me hold my breath for quite another reason. The author's father, so I read, is the founder and head of the well known Sogetsu school of flower arrangement, and I can well fathom both the fame of the school and the fascination of the subject. But when I see, in the publisher's announcement, that "the reproductions are of superb quality" I wonder, as so often, whether critical colour sense has vanished from those who produce books in this country. Some of the plates are good indeed, and so is the explanatory text, but it seems to me that the half-tone process is incredibly chancy and may range from the accurate to the bizarre. I am glad to report that in this case the good outweighs the less good.

**A Matter of Colour**, text by Lorraine Hansberry (Penguin 8s. 6d.) is not a question of colour plates. It is a documentary of the struggle for racial equality in the U.S.A. This is a burning question, and I am horrified to report that at times it has literally been so, and that some of the ghastly results are included. I don't quite know who this documentary is intended for, since it will only confirm the converted, and the others, as the photographs show, are past praying for, but it is without doubt a sensational piece of publishing.

**Briefly . . . Dr. Mellon of Haiti** by Peter Michelmore (Gollancz 21s.) gives chapter and verse about how difficult it is to spend money effectively in a community, Haiti in this case, that is not merely backward but incorrigible. Anyone less persistent than Mellon would have given it all up long ago. . . . **Girl About Town** by Jane Reed (Tandem Books 3s. 6d.) is an engaging, inexpensive paperback which tells girls

how to live in London, and like it. Plenty of practical advice, based on direct experience, and amusing drawings by Michael Heath. . . . **Three Cities of Bells** by Elizabeth Goudge (Hodder & Stoughton 30s.) includes in one volume three successful novels in which cathedral bells reverberate. The three are *A City of Bells*, *Towers in the Mist*, and *The Dean's Watch* and the cities concerned are Wells in Somer-

set, historical Oxford, and fens-land Ely. . . . **Mother of the Queen** by David Duff (Frederick Muller, 35s.) has little new to say about a lady with an enormous gift for making friends, but it says that little well, and it would be churlish not to welcome such an obviously sincere tribute. Very good on George V and the present Queen's childhood. The pair had a terrific bond, and it is very understandable. . . .



Andrew Cruickshank celebrates his 35th year on the West End stage by appearing as Mr. Justice Carstairs in *Alibi For A Judge* at the Savoy, founded on the novel by Henry Cecil. He is also widely known to the B.B.C. TV audience as Dr. Cameron in *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*. Below: Jennifer Linden and Alec McCowen in the revival of *Thark*, one of Ben Travers' most famous farces, at the Garrick



# on records

Gerald Lascelles / Listeners' digest

Much is talked and written about the present day influence of jazz on popular music, and I find it appropriate that a record company has taken the trouble to put together a collection of pop music from the '20s that not only traces an important era in history but also illustrates the link between Dixieland jazz and pop music of the day. **The Original Sound of the '20s** (CBS) provides a complete cross section, from the big bands like Ellington, Dorsey Brothers, and Whiteman, to the highly individual singers like Ethel Waters, Blossom Seeley, and Sophie Tucker. The three volume set embraces too many artists to mention all by name, but there is a valuable contribution to recorded history, where both jazz and pops are put in their proper perspective.

The second volume of **King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators**

(Ace of Hearts) completes the re-issue of an important series of historical recordings, originally made between 1926 and 1928 for the Vocalion/Brunswick labels. The first four tracks were among the best he ever recorded, after Armstrong had left him, but before he left Chicago. The rest, made after his big flop in Harlem, were made with various groups in New York, by which time his spirit was broken, and on some pieces he can even be heard playing the second cornet part in the band. One can always discern that infinite will to swing which was such a vital part of the King Oliver saga, and he was still able to attract the cream of the supporting musicians around him. **The Best of Dixieland** (RCA Victor) is one of those astonishing mixtures that only a major record company can contrive to produce. It opens with a 1947 piece by

Armstrong, closes with a 1917 track by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, and scratches just about every level of the barrel in its wanderings. For my money, the best tracks are by Red Allen and Muggsy Spanier, if only because they avoid the cheaper forms of frenzy that are now regarded as part and parcel of the approach to Dixieland jazz.

Earlier this year the World Record Club provided two classic examples of Dixie jazz, first by the great New Orleans trombonist Kid Ory in *Song of the Wanderer*, and then by Red Nichols in *Parade of the Pennies*. Both groups attempt to recreate music they had established and recorded 20 or more years earlier, and do so with reasonable success. One may argue that Ory's "tailgate" style of trombone playing is dated in the light of today's advancements, but it has a charm and swinging individuality of its own, and was a pattern for many aspiring jazzmen of later days. Nichols blew his way to fame on the Beiderbecke ticket, but consorted with musicians of considerable merit, who con-

tributed more than a little to the whole jazz saga. The results may sometimes be too slick to rank as great contributions to jazz, but many future patterns were set by their influence.

An aftermath of all this Dixieland jazz came, in the late '30s, with the appearance of Bob Crosby's Bob Cats, a band formed basically on the West Coast in America from jazzmen who came to Hollywood for film recording purposes. **Bob Crosby's Great Hits** (Dot) features some rousing reproductions of the great Crosby pieces, many of which rose as high on the then current hit parade as the Goodman, Miller, and James epics. Apart from an exceptional rhythm section, Lamare, Haggart, and Bauduc, all of whom are heard on this album, Bob always had good pianists like Jess Stacy, Joe Sullivan, or his own special protégé, Bob Zurke. Add the inseparable Eddie Miller on tenor and Matty Matlock on clarinet, and you have the nucleus of a band which really played Dixieland with the verve and enthusiasm it deserved.

# on galleries

Robert Wright / What's in a name?

Would a rose *really* smell as sweet by any other name? Perhaps in the days of Romeo and Juliet, or even in the days of Shakespeare, it was possible to answer the question with an unequivocal "Yes." But not now. Today, if *Chanel No. 5* were renamed "Cabbage Water" it might not smell like cabbage water but it certainly would never again smell quite like *Chanel No. 5*. Advertising men have, of course, realized this for a long time. To them it is vitally important that any product they are to sell should have the right name, the one and only name that is *right* for it. The wrong name, they know, can kill sales.

Artists are taking much longer to learn the lesson. Even today many of them understand so little how important a name can be that they still choose picture titles in the most arbitrary fashion. An artist I talked to recently told me that before his exhibition he whipped quickly through a hymnbook taking lines at random for his titles. Many think it is *infra dig* to title their pictures at all and have to be bullied by gallery proprietors, who insist upon some means of identifying one canvas from

another, into giving their works names like Painting I, Painting II, Painting III, etc. Others, more imaginative, think up something like Form 1, Form 2, Form 3.

In contrast to these purists many other artists choose elaborately fanciful titles that are deliberately calculated to be misleading. The trouble here is that, more often than not, the titling is much more imaginative than the painting, and this can lead to disappointment. For example, not long ago I went to an exhibition armed with a catalogue that told me I was going to see some paintings called *Listen to the Grass Grow, Interrupted Thought-scape, Meditations on Mountains*, etc. Intriguing titles, but the pictures were corny geometric abstractions. Or did I think they were corny only because I had been led, by the titles, to expect something very different?

Sometime someone, better qualified than I, ought to go fully into this question of the importance of picture titles. I raise the question here only because it was in my mind the other day when I went to the Grosvenor Gallery to see the exhibition by the Chinese artist

Chang Dai-Chien, whose pictures have titles like *Nature's Grandeur, Autumn Mountain and Talking to a Friend in São Paulo*. It seemed a safe bet that this time the titles could be taken literally, but there was just a little doubt in my mind. I had read in a handout that Chang left China a long time ago and now lives in Brazil where, nowadays, there is not only a lot of coffee but a lot of *avant garde* art, too.

The doubt was unjustified. When Chang calls a picture *Nature's Grandeur* he gives you Nature's grandeur—vast, tree-covered hills dwarfing the minute figure of a man. Whatever he may have learned from Western artists has been completely assimilated, so that the feeling in his landscapes, whether they are of Austria or Switzerland, Brazil or Szechwan, is 100 per cent Chinese. But though he is steeped in traditional Chinese painting he

is not bound by its formalism. And by a magical combination of free, delicate lines and intense, dark washes of colour he creates an atmospheric quality that, it seems to me, might have been inspired by some of our great English watercolourists rather than by earlier Chinese masters (of whom, however, I know very little).

Surprisingly, this is Chang's first one man show in England though he is 66, has travelled all over the world and exhibited in Paris, Brussels, Athens, Madrid, Geneva, Cologne, New York and Buenos Aires. For those who still believe that art should mirror Nature (or rather, reflect her moods) this is a must.

#### Gallery Diary:

Rodney Gladwell, new paintings: Molton Gallery, to 28 August. Gershov, Russian artists: Alwin Gallery, to 27 August.



Ron Moody, Fulton Mackay and Jack MacGowran in Charlie Never Warned Us, to be screened by ABC TV on 5 September

# MAN'S WORLD

Jason Cassels / By courtesy of Santa Claus

The Yuletide bounty of our womenfolk provides that our stockings are filled with aftershave lotions, cologne, pre-electrics, talcs and deodorants. Most of us manage to eke them out from January through to June, by which time one might expect us to be hooked on the stuff. But not a bit of it. The bulk of male cosmetic sales—some 70 per cent of the total—occur in the three months before Christmas and are largely due to the present-buying activities of women.

The campaign to get men to play a more active part in their grooming than merely steeling their muscles against the initial shock of the aftershave, has been going on for some time. And, as more of us are introduced to better grooming by courtesy of Santa Claus, it must surely pay off.

Old Spice, reckoned to account for over half the men's toiletry sales in this country, are regarded with affection by their competitors for the tremendous job they have done in building up demand over here. They produce a wide range, from a deodorant at 4s. 9d. to a

gift pack containing aftershave, body talc, cologne, aftershave talc, hair cream, stick deodorant and a tablet of shower soap on a handy rope loop for 59s. 9d. Catering for the man who wants something a little more exclusive, they also market the York Town range (aftershave at 16s. 6d., cologne at 17s. 6d., etc.).

The latest manoeuvre designed to overcome the resistance of men who still feel it is a touch effeminate to use toiletries is to sell them in the strongly masculine atmosphere of menswear shops. At least two ranges have recently been introduced to sell solely in these outlets. One is the Black Gold aerosol range of aftershave, cologne and deodorant, each selling at 21s. The other is Trafalgar, a fascinating 12s. 6d. concoction in an intriguing flask with a seafight depicted on it. At the press of a switch it emerges on to your hand in a thick white snake of foam and lies there in a sinister fashion for a second or two before mysteriously breaking down into a talc, a liquid aftershave or a deodorant.

At Austin Reed, Regent Street, where they know about the importance of masculinity, they now sell over a dozen ranges of men's toiletries, from Yardley (aftershower talc 6s. 5d., aftershave talc 6s. 5d., aftershave lotion 7s. 5d., cologne 11s. 3d. and 17s. 11d.) to Countess Mara at three guineas for six ounces of aftershave or cologne in suitably rich containers. An interesting Yardley idea is a gift pack of shower talc, shaving soap in a wooden bowl and aftershave. When the contents are used up the box becomes a stud case. It sells for 29s. 6d.

Austin Reed's range also includes Old Spice and York Town; Onyx, the Lenthéric line in the green "marble" pack which encompasses an aftershave at 7s. 6d. and a de luxe travel kit at £6 16s. 6d.; and was perhaps the first "complete" range for men to be launched here; Prince Gourielli, whose range includes an aftershave containing a skin food, selling at 19s. 6d.; Tang, Gourielli's cheaper stablemate; Jockey Club, an American import selling at 32s. 6d. (aftershave and cologne); Morny, and some very sophisticated French lines.

They also sell Caribbean Spice and Lime aftershave in raffia-bound flasks that suggest

faraway places at 21s. and 33s.

Their own Austin Reed range includes a positive Aladdin's cave for the hair-conscious man. It contains no less than 18 different hair preparations.

Another leading man's shop that carries a range of men's toiletries specially produced to its own specifications is Simpson's, Piccadilly. Their West One range in its charming little long-necked bottles can also be found in Daks stockists' shops up and down the country. It is quite an inexpensive range, consisting of cologne, aftershave, hair-cream, hairdressing, pre-shave, shampoo, talc and even suntan lotion to sell at 9s. 6d., and soap at 8s. 6d.

Their most expensive range is Knize-Ten from France—a three and a-half ounce bottle costs £2 5s., a ten-ounce bottle packed in a wooden case is £4 10s. Knize-Ten is a toilet water which can be used as a cologne or an aftershave.

They also stock Moustache and Monsieur Givenchy toilet water, selling at £1 18s. 6d. for a four-ounce bottle.

I was captivated by their Royall Lyme toilet lotion which comes from Bermuda.

Bottled by Mr. Finsness in his tiny Bermuda shop it costs 1 guinea for four ounces and I used, I am told, by the Beatles

favourite. But for eye appeal it would be hard to improve on the following:

Sift together 5 oz. of plain flour and a pinch of salt. Grate 4 oz. of firm butter on the half moon side of your grater and rub it into the dry ingredient with the finger tips. Beat large egg yolk with a few drops of lemon juice and a teaspoon of caster sugar (if the egg yolk is a small one, add up to a dessertspoon of water). Dot the surface of the flour and butter with the mixture and bind together. Roll out the pastry to fit an 8-inch greased flan ring on a greased baking sheet. Avoid stretching the pastry. Ease it into the ring, pressing well to the sides and baking sheet, and leave for several minutes before trimming off. Place the flan in the refrigerator and prepare the apples.

Have ready enough cold, dryish apple sauce to quarter-fill the flan and spread it in. Peel and core 2 to 3 apples, then cut into thin crescents. Working from the rim inwards, arrange these in circles, overlapping each other, on the sauce. Sprinkle generously with caster sugar and brush the edge of the pastry with beaten egg yolk. Finally, bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6.

## DINING IN

Helen Burke / Roasting a grouse

There is more controversy about the cooking of grouse than any other game or domestic bird, mainly because tastes differ so much. Opinions are also divided on how long grouse should hang. Escoffier brackets grouse, hazel hen and prairie hen together, and all he has to say about hanging is "all these birds must be treated while still very fresh."

For me, grouse should be hung for several days, depending on the weather. But there is little to worry about. If you tell the poultier your preference, he will serve you accordingly. You will then roast the bird as you like it. Being a small bird, grouse roasts best at a quick, high temperature. If you have a spit by all means use it, because spit-roasted grouse is very good indeed.

The poultier will leave the heart and liver inside. Sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper and add two walnuts of butter. After seasoning the outside of the bird, wrap it in larding pork fat. If you have a V-shaped

rack, place it in the baking tin and put the bird on it, breast down. Roast the bird for 10 minutes at a high temperature (450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8). The butter will melt and run into the breast, the only meaty part of the bird. Lower the temperature to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4, for the remaining time. Fifteen minutes in all will give you a juicy bird with underdone but not too bloody meat. Twenty minutes may be more to your taste, while there are people who enjoy grouse only when there is no trace of pink in the flesh. In this case, cook up to 30 minutes. In each instance remove the fat halfway through the cooking, to let the bird colour a little.

Many cookery books recommend frequent basting, but the difficulty about this is that too frequent opening of the oven door disturbs the temperature. (With spit-roasting one can baste frequently, adding butter to the spit tray for the purpose.) When the grouse is taken from the oven, remove and

mash the liver with a little of the fat in the baking tin. Spread this on a crustless slice of toast and serve the grouse on it.

With grouse, serve crisply grilled bacon (cut no. 4 to 5), bread sauce and game chips. An onion, stuck with one or even two cloves and resting in the bread sauce, is a "must."

Gravy with grouse is not essential but, if you want one, make the stock for it well in advance this way: cut 1 to 1½ lb. of skin beef into thinnish strips. Place them in a casserole with cold water to cover them well. Add a little salt and freshly milled pepper—nothing more. Cover and place in the oven heated to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. The moment you smell the delicious aroma of the juices, reduce the temperature to 300 degrees Fahr. or even 275 or gas mark 1, and cook for four hours in all. This will give you a perfectly clear amber stock which will jell when cold. Add 2 to 3 tablespoons of it per bird to the roasting tin, and rub it around to incorporate the residue.

The remaining stock and the meat can be turned into a mould and served with salad on a later occasion.

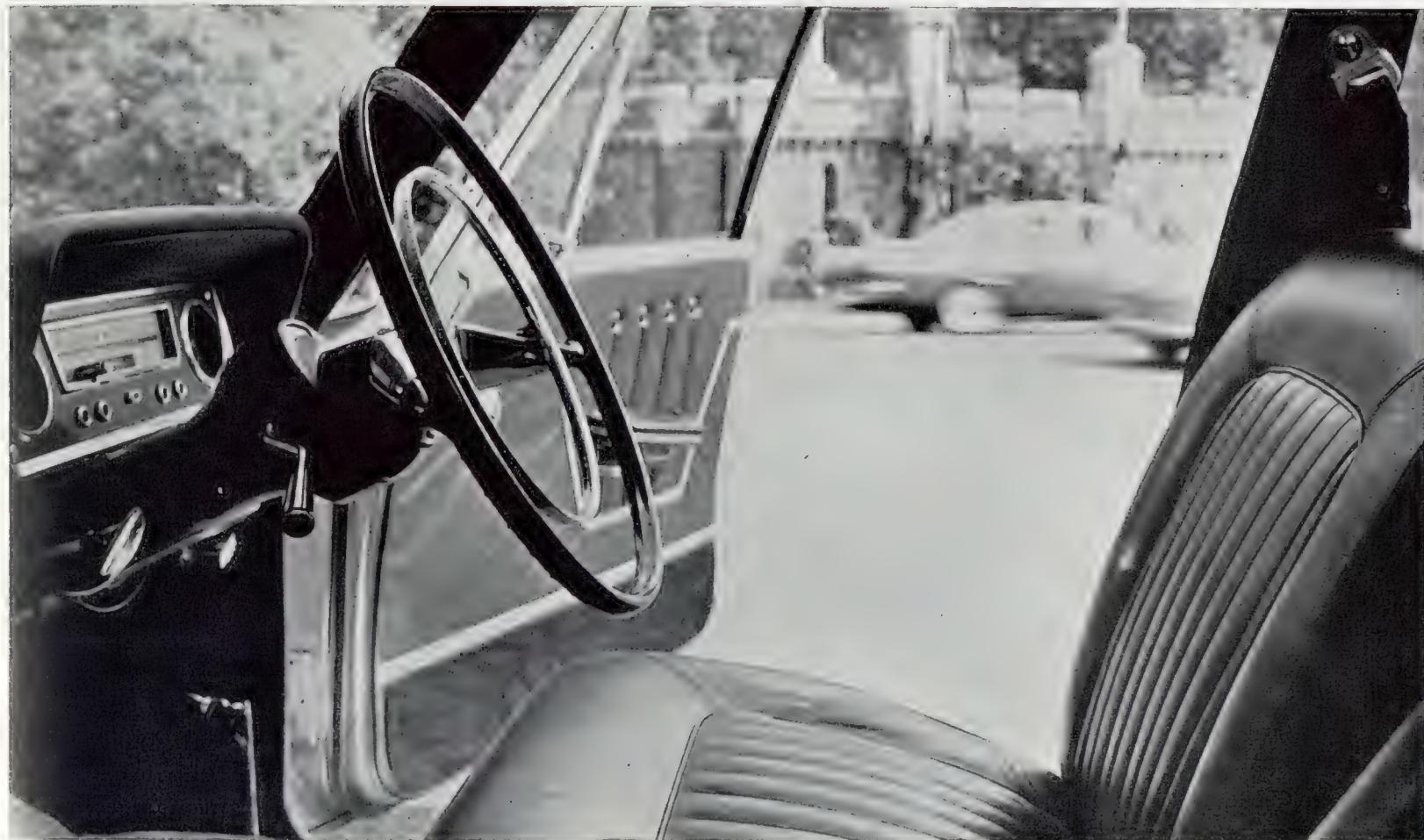
A really beautifully made and baked APPLE FLAN is rare enough because a deep apple pie is

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# MOTORING

EXECUTIVE ZODIAC



Fords cater to the motoring requirements of businessmen on every rung of the boardroom ladder and now, with their Executive Zodiac, they offer a car in which even the chairman can be transported with due regard for his status. It was announced at the beginning of this year, after the factory's specialists had cogitated long and hard on what Britain's top men would wish to find in a vehicle intended for their personal conveyance.

The answers they came up with concerned comfort, silence and lavish equipment, and these refinements they proceeded to add to the normal Zodiac in order to transform it into the "Executive" version at an extra £190, making the tax-paid total £1,315.

For this sum the buyer gets what Jim Clark calls the "champagne touch"; he uses one for his routine journeys between, as he says, celebrations at the Dorchester and sheep sales in the Highlands. He praises the comfort of the driving seat and the ultra-efficiency of the heating-demisting system, which has defeated his bugbear of an iced-up windscreen

in the chilly north. Surprisingly for him, he speaks kindly of automatic transmission though "this is not to say that I would willingly give up manual gear change."

Much of the improvement in the Executive Zodiac, however, comes from the unseen work of a man who is known at the Ford works as Doctor Decibel, one of a team of sound engineers the tools of whose trade are stethoscope, oscilloscope and spectrum analyser; they have to find sources of noise and eliminate them there if possible, or fit strategic layers of sound-deadening material, if not.

Ideas such as fibreglass insulation under the bonnet and new type mountings for the engine; anti-vibration dampening pads on doors, floor, roof and wings, all have gone into the Executive Zodiac, but the owner will probably never know why his car runs so much more quietly than his neighbour's ordinary Zodiac. At least he will be able to see the big difference in the car's interior; the lush leather upholstery and the adjustable backs to the front seats, that will let down

to fully-reclining position, and the well padded centre console between the seats.

The floor is thickly carpeted. Safety belts are fitted to the front seats and a mirror to both front wings, and there is an interior mirror that dips at a touch to obviate dazzle. An excellent push-button radio set is a further built-in item.

Ford's sales director says quite positively that this is the most luxurious model his firm has ever made—a far cry indeed from the "Tin Lizzie" that Henry I used to say could be had in any colour "so long as it's black". The Executive Zodiac comes in five colours including gold, but perhaps as a sop to tradition the upholstery is black in each case.

As to its performance, during my road test I found I could not quite reach the 100 m.p.h. that the Zodiac is claimed to top, but nevertheless most owners would agree that it is fast enough for the type of car it is. The six cylinder engine, which has a capacity of 2,555 c.c., is credited with a power output of 109 b.h.p. and runs smoothly and without any fuss even at high speeds. Transmission is

Borg-Warner automatic, with selector lever on the steering column (or one can have a manual change gearbox at £97 less than the price mentioned earlier).

Fuel consumption varies—I would put the average at about 19 m.p.g., increasing to perhaps 17 m.p.g. if there is much hard driving. The 12-gallon tank seems on the small side for this car, and involves replenishing at 200-mile intervals if one is really pressing along. On the Executive the petrol filler cap has a lock, in which the key has to be turned before it can be removed, and this means that either the driver must get out whenever filling up or the attendant must be relied on.

Personally, I like to be able to lock the filler when the car is left parked, but prefer to have a self-closing cap when, as on a long Continental drive, one may replenish two or three times a day.

The boot is large enough to carry a good deal of baggage, in spite of housing the spare wheel, and there is not only a carpet on the floor but the wheel is given an upholstery covering to save chafing the baggage.



**A beautifully casual style from Xavier of Knightsbridge. The hair is almost chin length but shortens at the nape of the neck. The scrolled effect is the daytime look combining smoothness with movement. The hair has been given a "spot perm booster" where a permanent lift is needed. This gives bounce and body without back combing so that the hair springs back and stays in place.**

#### Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

After a summer such as we have had, the warmth of the sun on your hair is hard to resist. A little gentle sunshine is good for blonde hair that is beginning to darken, but even blonde hair takes on an unattractive brassy look if it is exposed to strong sunlight for too long. Sunshine takes colour from all shades of hair, and on hair that is tinted or colour-rinsed it can work havoc. Play safe and wear a sun hat or head

scarf. Take a tip from those Mediterranean beauties who treat the sun with the respect it deserves. Even if their beach outfit is scanty, they always wear a hat.

Even normally well-behaved hair is apt to play up in warm weather. It either becomes lank, heavy and greasy, or dry, lustreless and fly-away. Oily hair will benefit from the daily use of Eau de Quinine or Bay Rum. It need not disturb your set if you make a series of partings in the hair and rub down each one with a pad of wool wet with the tonic.

The dry haired should sunscreen the hair before going out by applying a dressing such as Vitapointe. Pat the hair all over with a little of the cream distributed over the palms.

Shampoo the hair twice as often as usual during warm weather, and counteract oiliness or dryness with the right shampoo. Most good makes are now made in two or even three varieties. The newest—Dop—is made in four: for normal, dry,

## SUN ON YOUR HAIR

oily, and hair with dandruff. Talking of shampooing, if rain water is available, do use it. It is particularly good for the oily type of hair. If your hair is dry and fine it may make it difficult to manage but you can overcome this by adding a teaspoonful of olive oil to the last rinsing water.

#### BEAUTY FLASH

Fellow Scots will like to know of Thistledown, a delicious French perfume made by the Thistle Perfumery Company, Castlelawrie, Falkirk, to a French formula, now exclusive in England to The Scotch House, Knightsbridge. The perfume is warm, spicy and sophisticated and comes in round bottles which combine with the high wooden stopper to form the thistle flower. A 1 oz. bottle costs £1 11s. 6d., the handbag phial 10s. 6d. The matching toilet water is £1 1s. and 8s. 6d., and there are also hand lotion, talcum powder and attractively packed bath soap.





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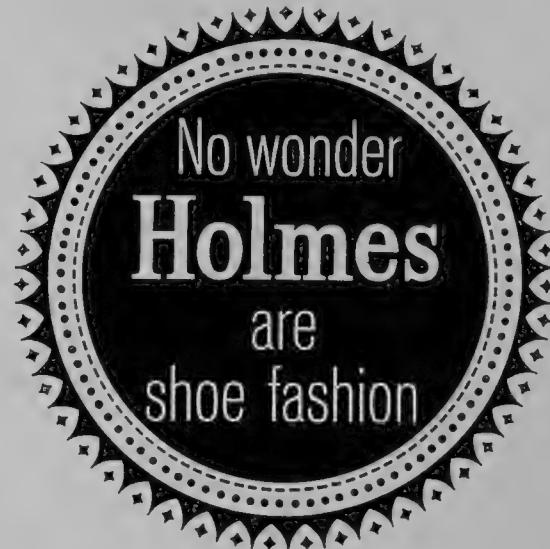
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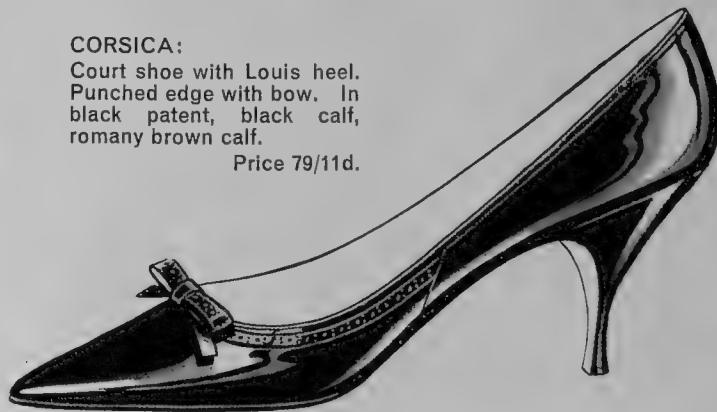
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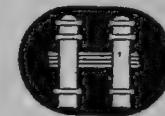
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(following local custom)

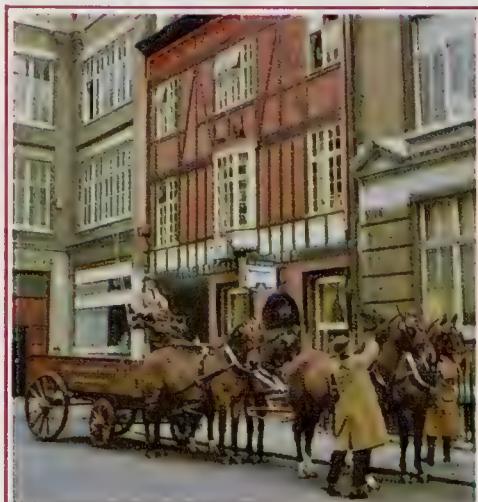
## at four points in its native land

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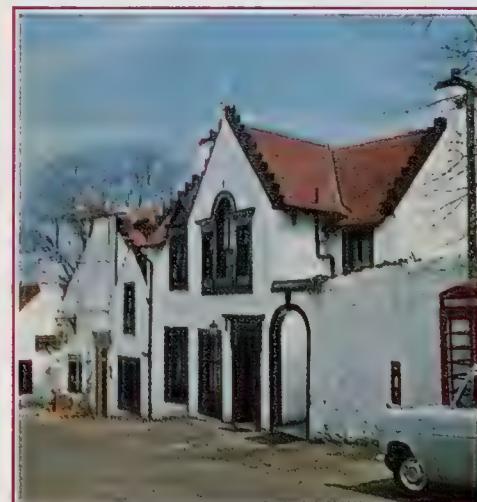


◀ **Hampstead Heath: The Spaniards Inn** (Bass, Mitchells & Butlers Ltd.). This 'ancient hostelry', which has legendary associations with the highwayman Dick Turpin, was named after the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of King James the First. A dramatic setting for a *Gimlet*—4 parts of Gilbey's London Dry Gin to one part lime juice, and plenty of cracked ice.

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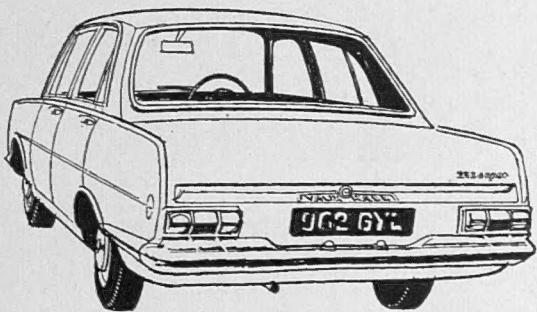
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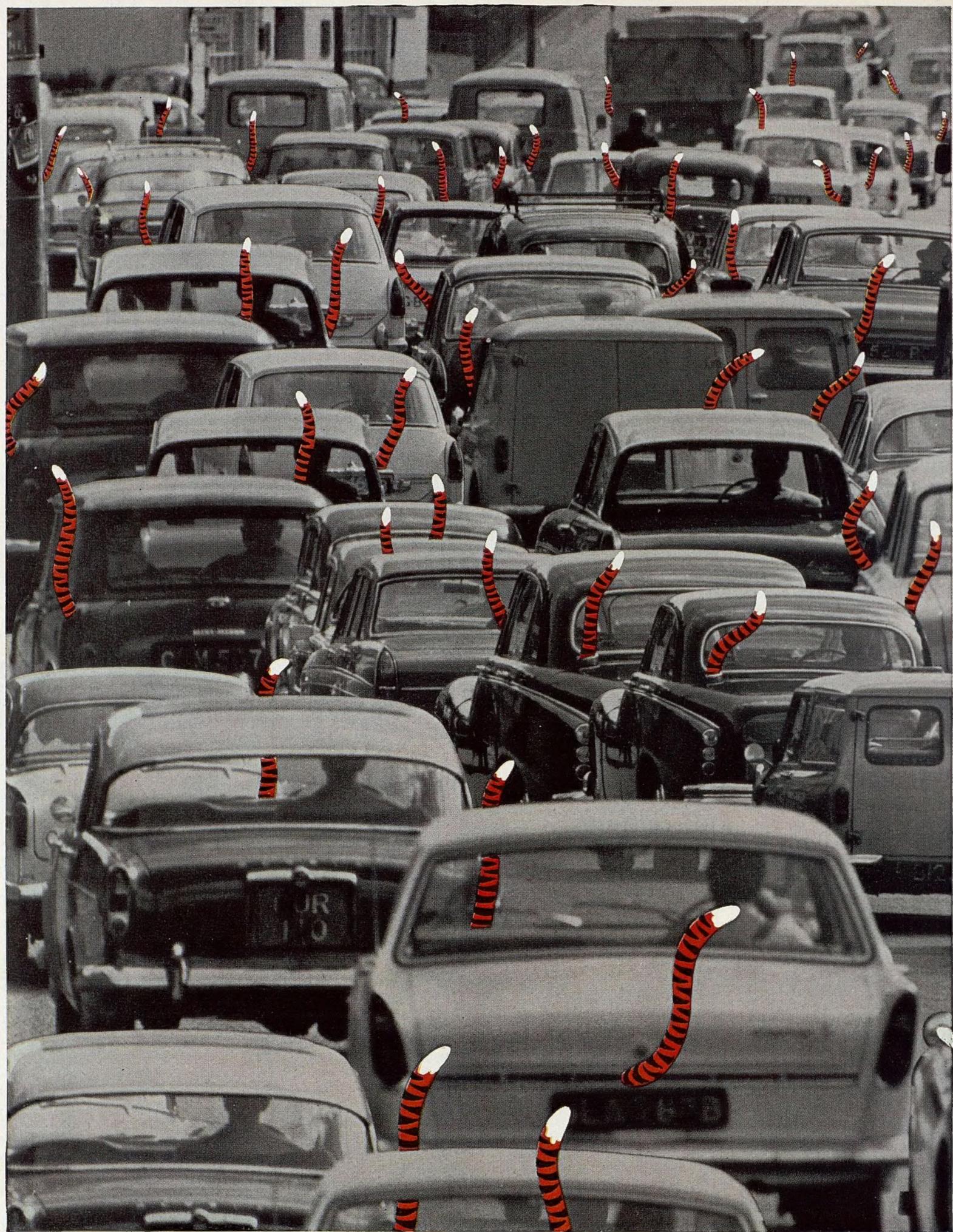
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